Sir Giddy Whim,

OR, THE

LUCKY AMOUR.

A

COMEDY.

Unus utrique
Error, sed variis illudit partibus— Hor.

Illi gravis Mors incubat,
Qui notus nimis omnibus,
Ignotus moritur sibi— Seneca.

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THE PREFACE.

Curteous Reader,

NEither *Sex*, *Age*, *nor* Quality, *has been always proof againſt the* Temptation *of Writing*; *and ſome of all theſe degrees, have not anſwer'd their own* Expectations, *nor others. That I ſhou'd meet with a more indulgent Fate, who merit it ſo much leſs, wou'd be a height of* Vanity *more unpardonable, than the obtruding this upon the World. If it pleaſes any body I am* Happy, *if no body I am* Safe: *For as I aim at no particular, I have no apprehenſions of a* Baſtinado, *I wiſh I cou'd ſay as much of* Cenſure *and* Reprehenſion.

In this I think my Fault *leſs intolerable, that I have not teiz'd the Actors, nor impos'd any thing upon 'em; much leſs incurr'd the diſpleaſure of an* Audience, *by promiſing 'em a* Diverſion, *that they cou'd no ways meet with in a Performance of this Nature, by ſo ſlight a hand. I have not diſappointed you of ſeeing a* Good *Play, while you follow'd a* New *one. The Gallants have not* dreſs'd *themſelves in vain upon my account; nor the needy* Sinner *hazard her laſt*

melancholy Eighteen Pence, in hopes of a Supper and half a Piece.

Others have boldly oppos'd their own Judgments *to the whole* Pit, *and ventur'd to Print what the moſt accurate* Geniuſes *have publickly exploded. Admitting this attempt to be even ſhorter than their's, yet you cannot ſay I have preſented you with a* Damn'd *Play, how bad ſoever it is.*

I have little or nothing to ſay in vindication of the Characters *or* Dialogue, *much leſs of the* Plot, *as being neither a Lover nor a Viſiter of Plays. 'Twas very bold, I muſt own, to attempt a thing in which I had neither* Preceptor *nor* Friend: *But ſince the* Bookſeller *was willing, I readily conſented to let him run a more ſenſible riſque in the Publiſhing it, than I did in its being Publiſhed: For he that has never a Friend, need not be in pain, if all that do not know him are his Enemies.*

But a tedious Preface *often enhances the faults it wou'd extenuate; and that I may not make my* Impertinences *leſs worthy your Candor, Gentle Reader,*

Farewell.

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

SUch Forreign Vices *have debauch'd the Age,*
Alas they're too immodeſt for the Stage.
Yet ſad Experience long enough had ſhewn,
We had but too too many of our own.
The Tragic Buskins firſt engag'd the Crowd,
And ſtubborn Minds to rigid Virtue bow'd.
Our next intent was to expoſe your Crimes,
The Poets wereth' Colliers *of the Times.*
The decent Scenes *in every* Act *did ſhow,*
The Nauſeous follies of the Sot *and* Beau:
'Twas here the Coquet *view'd her ſtudied Face,*
And bluſh'd in Public at the faithfull Glaſs:
Virtue and Honour, met its due reward,
No Knave *was flatter'd, and no* Bully *ſpar'd.*
But now the daring Vices *of Mankind,*
Defy the keeneſt edges Wit can grind:
Nay, you are grown ſo harden'd, that I fear,
This Stage *will bluſh at what you'll tamely hear.*
For while we act the Villain *and the* Fool,
We Propagate *as faſt as* Ridicule.
Thus the foul Stomach, and diſorder'd Blood,
Converts the very Phyſick *into* Food.
The Author begs you wou'd accept his Show,
He has a hundred Preſidents, you know,
To call it Comedy, *tho' 'tis not ſo.*
Plot and good Manners was his leaſt concern,
He knows you come to laugh, and not to learn:
And, Gallants, bids you freely chuſe your Theme,
The Story, Language, Plot, nay more, at him.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Giddy Whim.*
Alderman *Sharp.*
Captain *Smart.*

WOMEN.

Lady *Featly.*
Sylvia.
Julia.
Fulvia.
Dreſſwell.

Sly, Captain *Smart*'s Man.
John, Sir *Giddy*'s Man.

Servants and Attendants.

SCENE the City.

Sir

ACT. I.

SCENE I. *The Alderman's Houſe*

Enter Capt. Smart *and* Slye *his Man.*

Capt. WELL *Slye*, if this hits, we are made for ever Boy——

Slye. Ay, Sir, you ſhall buy me a Commiſſion if it do's.

Capt. A Commiſſion, you Dog— Do's the King's Commiſſion and a Livery ſit well together?

Slye. Why, noble Captain, your Enſign was a Footman when I was a Corporal, and he has two Commiſſions now Sir——

Capt. But he ſerv'd the Colonel —— and is a pretty Fellow——

Slye. His Siſter is pretty, you mean, Sir—

Capt. Out you Raſcal— [*Offers to kick him.*]

Slye. I beg your pardon, noble Captain — he is a very pretty, modeſt, ſober, diſcreet Fellow, indeed Sir— but withal ſomewhat baſhful in the Face of an Enemy, Ha! ha! ha! (*Walking away from the Capt.*)

Capt. You Rogue——— ſpeak ill of the King's Commiſſion Officers [*Holds up his Cane.*]

Slye. 'Tis nothing but truth Sir— and if the Colonel put him in for nothing, I am ſure he will put me, nay and the Devil in himſelf too for Mony——— His Soul isnothing but Mony, Mony, Mony.— Well, if you will not promiſe me a pair of Colours, I will Court the Lady my ſelf, and then I can buy a Company— ay, Sir, and for a ſmall Sum more be made Major over your Head too.

Capt. What an Age do we live in! I know Women are very unaccountable Creatures, and had rather marry any Fool of their own chuſing, than a Man of Merit that is propos'd to them by their Parents—— And Mony that curſed contrivance of Hell, that ſupplies every defect Nature is capable of—— Well, you may be ſure *Slye* I ſhall ever be your Friend. ——

Slye. Nay, I have been a very faithful Servant to you Sir— you know it——

Capt. Faithfull—— Why, I never had any thing to ſteal Sirrah.

Slye. Ay, ay, Captain there's nothing ſo natural as Ingratitude—— Bread eaten is ſoon forgotten——

Capt. What do's the Blockhead mean?

Slye. You forget that tedious March we had Capt. when I know who was ſick, becauſe the Enemy's Cannon gall'd us a little—— for as ſevere a March as it was, I never took one Coge of your Brandy-bottle, but carry'd it honeſtly the whole Day—— never a Servant in the Army wou'd have done ſo beſides

Capt. Prethe, ſtow thy damn'd Clack, and go about the grand Affair—— meet me on the Parade at Noon—— my Uncle will come down preſently.

Slye. You can but ſpeak, and you are obey'd—— and yet I never ſerve you.

Exit Slye.

Capt. Servants and Wives are ſo very Impertinent with their Honeſty, that it is as great a plague almoſt as their falſhood.——But now for a demure Countenance —— hang it I won't belie my looks——Hypocriſy is every Vice in one ——an imprudent Man hurts no Body but himſelf——an Appetite makes one reliſh a Dinner; and after a Feaſt we ought to faſt——the World is big enough for me to ſtruggle in.

Sings.

Love

Love is but a Fairy-treaſure;
Claret is a ſolid Pleaſure:
Then fill my Glaſs, I'll drown my Sorrow:
Who knows if he ſhall be to Morrow.

Enter Alderman.

Capt. Good morrow Sir, good morrow— How do you do this Morning?

Alderm. Why! you are as merry this Morning as if you had Mony in your Pocket, Nephew—

Capt. No, in good Faith, Sir, I have none, and yet I am ſo merry——

Alderm. Want of Mony generally damps Mens Spirits— but I ſee if a Soldier has but a good Heart in his Belly, 'tis no great matter whether he has any Brains or no.

Capt. What ſhou'd we do with Brains—— have 'em beat out——— not that a Scarlet-coat makes a Man more Brave, than a pair of Band-ſtrings make him Godly.

Alder. That's a Qualification, I know, beſide your Cloath.

Capt. I love to be all of a piece Sir—— Mony was made to be ſpent; and it is ſuch Jovial Lads as I that make it circulate. For Example Sir, you lend me Twenty Pound, I pay my Tavern-ſcore; he pays the Wine-Cooper, the Wine-Cooper the Merchant, the Merchant the King, the King us Officers, and I repay you——— thus I am as merry as the Day is long, and the Night too ſometimes, and every one has his own——— Can any thing be more plain?

Alder. But if I lent you this Mony, and you got Drunk——— then pickt up a Whore, Nephew——

Capt. No matter for that, Sir——

Alder. Pray hear me out, I heard you———

Capt. I have done Sir———

Alder. This ſame Whore gave you a Diſeaſe, brought you into a Quarrel, you run a Man through, get a private Apartment in *Newgate*, Nephew, from thence you ſhew your ſelf at a diſadvantage to the Ladies in the *Old-Bailey*—— look penſively on a Noſegay and a pair of white Gloves as you go backwards up *Holbourn*—repent at *Tyburn*, and are Chronicled for a Half-penny, and pity'd as a pretty Fellow—— Now what becomes of your Vintner and your Cooper and your Merchant, and what not——

Capt. In two Words, Sir, admitting all thoſe Diſaſters ſhou'd happen, which is almoſt as great odds as my being choſen King of *Poland*—— yet then I ſhou'd have no occaſion for a Surgeon to remedy the Inconveniencies of my Amour; I ſhou'd be more taken notice of than if I dy'd in a Breach—— and ſhou'd never trouble you any more, Sir——Can you deſire, Sir, to come cheaper off with me than for the paultry Sum I mention'd——

Alder. Wilt thou never be ſober, Nephew?

Capt. I am ſober enough for my Age, or Affairs, Sir—Wou'd you have me a *Cato* at Five and Twenty?

Alder. I am no *Stoick* my ſelf, Child—— I wou'd have you Merry and Wiſe.

Capt. There is a ſpice of Madneſs in all Mirth, Uncle.

Alder. But there is nothing but Madneſs or Folly in yours, Nephew——You get your firſt load of Claret by Seven—— then to the Play-houſe, where you reel about the Stage diſturb the Actors, and expoſe your ſelf to all the World at once.

Capt. Sir, you preach very ſound Doctrine—— but if ſome laugh at me, I laugh at others— the Beau in the Side-Box is as odious to me, as my ruddy Face is to him, and the Snuff upon his Lace Cravat as ridiculous as a drop of Claret upon my plain one—— ſome think me light Sir, I ſay they lye Sir—— every Body's Vice is dear to himſelf Sir, how odious ſoever it be to others—— But to the Twenty Pounds you was ſpeaking of, Sir.

Alder.

Alder. I ſpoke nothing of it, Nephew—— but if you expect Services from me, you ſhou'd make it your ſtudy to pleaſe me, my own way——

Capt. I know not what you wou'd have me do, Sir—— I Whore but a little—— I Drink with Men of Senſe—— I Play with Men of Honour—— I go early to Bed—— and when I riſe I never deny my ſelf to any Body I owe Mony to——

Alder. You think nothing of ſpending the whole Night at a Tavern—— and not coming home till Ten or Eleven the next Day——

Capt. By that Policy, I avoid the ſcandal of Drinking Sir——

Alder. That's very ſtrange!

Capt. But 'tis as true, Sir—— for at thoſe Hours you mention, I ſend for a Barber, Waſh and Tallow, and come as freſh from the Tavern, as my Bed-chamber, and all that ſee me imagine, I have only been taking a Whet before Dinner, Sir——

Alder. Very well Nephew—— very well——

Capt. Nay, Sir, beſide this advantage, I prevent the dangers of going home in the dark—— quarrelling with the Watch—— being ſent to the Counter, and many more inconveniences that attend the raſh coming home at Eleven at Night—— But to the Article of Mony, Sir——

Alder. That Article muſt not be alone——

Capt. Nay, Sir, as many of 'em as you pleaſe—— The Wine at the Caſtle is incomparably good, I'll ſend you a taſt Sir——

Alder. Thy Mind can run upon nothing but Wine, Wine—— my Articles are ſerious Man——

Capt. Why! and I meant ſeriouſly too, upon my word—

Alder. But there muſt be a Woman in the Caſe.

Capt. I know ſeveral, Sir——ſeldom Sup without one.

Alder. But one of your own, Nephew——

Capt. They are all ſo, while I have 'em—— and a Man has his Wife no longer——

Alder.

Alder. But a Wife—— a Wife of your own, Nephew—— take up and ſettle.

Capt. If I do not take up when I am marry'd, Sir, I ſhall not be well ſettled, I know.

Alder. No waggery Sarrah—— There is a Bill, make you new Cloaths, and be rul'd by me, and you ſhall be ſuddenly eſtabliſh'd—— if not, this is the laſt Penny you ſhall have from me; ſo make what haſte you can in getting your ſelf ready; I muſt go out, you may call upon me at *Jonathan*'s after Change, I ſhall Dine ſomewhere thereabouts—— you may tarry and reſt your ſelf a little.

Exit Alder.

Capt. We ought not to look a gift-Horſe in the Mouth (they ſay) but by your leave Mr. Uncle and Mr. Alderman, I ſhall go about no Buſineſs till I ſee how much this bit of Paper is worth—— for he that knows not what Mony he has in his Pocket, knows not what to cheapen in the Market. [*Reads*] Well, he's a brave old Gentleman—— this is better than I cou'd have wiſh'd for, now we are ſet up for ſome time— I am a happy Dog— I'll to my Taylor's, then to the Tavern— that will be the wiſeſt— But that will be ungrateful— I muſt drink his Health the firſt thing I do— I can ſend for the Taylor thither— by his Generoſity I ſmell his Deſign, and if the Woman he intends is richeſt I care not which be Faireſt— and if *Slye* do not ſucceed I am not quite diſappointed——

Exit.

Scene a Chamber.

Enter Fulvia *with a Song Book in her Hand, reads a Song on a Lady at her Husband's Funeral.*

Fulv. This may be an odd Song enough. [*Tunes her Voice and ſings out.*]

I.

With how much Grace her ſwelling Sighs do riſe
What Charms alas has every Tear!
The winged Boy in ambuſh lies
Behind the fatal Bier.

What

What can we think, when Pluto's *Triumphs prove*
To pious Friends a Theatre of Love?

II.

But Cupid all Mankind muſt be thy Slaves,
Since Grief it ſelf can give Deſire;
And Water drawn from gloomy Graves
Thus ſets our Hearts on fire.
You make Aurelia's *drowning Eyes to burn,*
And fetch new Fuel from their Maſter's Urne.

Enter to her Dreſſwel *panting and blowing.*

Fulv. What's the matter Wench? Are not my Atlaſſes done? to Morrow is the laſt Day of Liberty——

Dreſſw. Oh no, Madam, no——

Fulv. No; then I'm ruin'd——

Dreſſ. I don't mean your Gowns Madam, they are all done, but——

Fulv. Why then Woman thus out of breath—— who have you met—— ſpeak—— what are you frighted at——

Dreſſ. As I was coming Madam from Mrs. Stitch's your Mantu-maker, I met an old Fellow Servant of mine, and as we were talking, a drunken Fellow call'd me Names, and my Friend quarell'd with him—— and I ran away while they were Fighting.

Fulv. Let 'em fight and be hang'd—— but what's that to my Gowns, Wench.

Dreſſ. You ſhall have them to Morrow, ſhe proteſts upon her Honour.

Fulv. Nay, then it cannot fail—— no wonder People of Quality are above their Honour, ſince theſe Cattle have it in their Mouths.

Fulv. But what Paper is that?

Dreſſ. I know not, Madam—— it was given me in the Street——

Fulv. [*Reads*] At the *Globe and Appollo* in *Upper Moor-Fields* lives a Perſon lately come from *Ægypt*, whoſe skill

in

in *Magick* far exceeds all the Soothſayers of the *Eaſt*. She creates Love in the moſt obdurate Hearts; reſtores Youth to the moſt decrepit; adds a Luſter to Beauty that Time cannot deface; makes the moſt miſerable happy—— can execute Vengeance at any diſtance—— helps aud hinders Ships at Sea—— alters the whole courſe of Nature—— makes Men ſee inviſible Things—— in a word, does all that can or cannot be done—— Her Hours are only from Morning till Night, tho' if Perſons of Quality have a Curioſity to ſpeak with her, ſhe will wait on 'em when ever they pleaſe—— Now cou'd I find in my Heart to put on ſome odd Dreſs, and talk a little with this Woman.

Dreſſ. For my part Madam, I wonder at nothing—— and believe more People might be Happy, if they would ſet about it, but we are afraid——

Fulv. Why, you ſilly Fool, don't you think every Body wou'd be Happy if they cou'd?

Dreſs. Every Body wiſhes Felicity, Madam, but few go the right way to obtain it; ſome are too timorous, others too negligent——

Fulv. 'Tis no matter which way a Man is in the wrong—— But pray what is your Opinion of the Right? ſpeak freely Girl, for I am wondrouſly diſpos'd at preſent, and know not how long the fit may laſt——

Dreſs. Then, Madam, in ſhort, Time rides Poſt; can never be recall'd; and Youth is a fleeting Charm which we can have but once—— conſider all your Pretenders, Madam—— weigh their Circumſtances, their Ages and their Humours—— and as I wou'd not have you a Sacrifice to Pride and Plenty; ſo do not liſten too much to Inclination—— Love has almoſt made as many miſerable, as it has brought together—— Matrimony is a heavy Load, when we are not pair'd in the Draught—— Our raving Paſſion imagins a *Juno*, and our Embraces ſhews us it is nothing but a Cloud——

Fulv. You ſpeak ſomewhat feelingly of this matter.

Dreſs.

Dreſs. Experience has convinc'd me, that Chains may be gauling tho' of Gold—— and the Yoke pinch our Necks tho' its lin'd with Velvet—— But Madam, this is a moſt inconteſtable Truth, that the Feaſt laſts longer than the Appetite——

Fulv. Oh here's my Cozen coming—— ſhe ſhall partake of your Advice—— ten to one but ſhe'll go with us too.

Enter Sylvia.

We are got ſeriouſly now debating upon the Topick of Husbands——

Sylvia, What ſhou'd Maidens talk of but Sweethearts; ſince what ever they do tends that way.

Fulv. But *Dreſſwel* gives little encouragement, and ſhe has paſt the Tryal——

Dreſſ. Who I, Madam— if my Opinion ſtartles any Body it ſhould be the Men, forupon my Word they have the worſt of it——

Fulv. I don't know what to think, 'tis hard venturing—

Sylv. But 'tis infamous living a Maid long, and ſhe can expect but few Conqueſts at Twenty five that was unadmir'd at Sixteen——

Dreſſ. Therefore I adviſe you not to be diſtracted with the variety of your Choice; ſingle out one and reſolve: who ſhoots at the whole Covy ſeldom kills a Bird.

Fulv. Such Covies as they, are hardly worth Powder and Shot.

Sylv. Since we beat the Wood, 'tis but reaſonable to deſire to bring home ſome Game.

Fulv. If Husbands were brought home in a Hawking-bag like Woodcocks, I ſhould like the Sport well enough—— But he that gets bitten by the Vipers, pays dearly for his Curioſity of catching 'em——

Dreſſ. There are good Husbands, Madam, tho' good Offers are not the Bleſſings of every Riſing Sun.

Fulv. If good Offers are not common, good Husbands will prove as great a Rarity; and that Tranquility which all expect in Matrimony is the Lot of but a few——

Dreſſ. This is your Diffidency, Madam——— our Mothers ventur'd——

Fulv. But Mankind is mightily alter'd for the worſe, ſince thoſe Golden Days of our Fore-fathers.

Sylv. A good Wife may make a good Husband—— But who knows their Lot?

Fulv. If it be not born in the Beaſt, it is my Opinion, you can't breed it there—— the World is come to that paſs now, that it is almoſt a Scandal for a Man to be a good Husband.

Dreſſ. And on my Troth, Ladies, 'tis as little Creditable amongſt the Topping Ones to be a good Wife.

Sylv. We ought to be even with 'em, I think.

Fulv. We have a mind Coz to have a Frolick, and go to the Cunning-Woman's, to hear what ſhe will ſay to us—— will you make one Coz?

Sylv. Sure you wou'd not be ſo mad Cozen——— what, talk with the Devil—— I wou'd not for all the VVorld—— I ſhou'd be afraid he wou'd run away with me alive———

Dreſſ. Lord, Madam, there's no danger at all.

Sylv. But han't ſhe huge Horns?

Fulv. This is a VVoman, Cozen——— her Husband was a broken Shoemaker———

Sylv. Nay, then ſhe muſt be a Devil——— How cou'd a Shoemaker's VVife elſe tell Fortunes?

Dreſſ. They learn it, Madam, 'tis a Study, they call it Nicrymancy.

Sylv. Ay, ay, there its out now, I told you ſo—— there was the Devil at the bottom of it——— Old-nick is their Maſter, you ſay, let 'em learn what they will, they ſhall tell me no tells—— I'll warrant you ſhe has cloven Feet; if not a Teat upon her Shoulder where the Devil ſucks her every Night.

Fulv. Silly, ſilly—— nothing like it——

Dreſſ.

Dreſs. Tis pleaſant to hear how ſhrewdly they will Talk ſometimes.

Sylv. VVhy, was you ever with 'em?

Dreſs. Yes indeed, Madam, and have recover'd ſeveral Things that were miſſing, and all by their means—— Nay, *I* have been told ſtrange things—— and am not without hopes of being ſome Body yet——

Fulv. I don't care, I am reſolv'd to throw away one Half-Crown——

Sylv. Ay, ay, go if you will—— while they fill your Heads with Husbands, they will bewitch your Mony out of your Pockets, that will be the end of it—— and I wiſh the worſt end of it too——

Fulv. Get me other Cloaths *Dreſſwel*; for I will go, that's poſitive—— ſhe can do me no harm, if ſhe tell me no Truths——

Dreſſ. I'll wait on you, Madam—— there's Pleaſure in good News, tho' it prove afterwards a Lye.

Exeunt Fulvia *and* Dreſſwell.

Sylv. They want to hear of a Husband indeed, that go to the Devil for News of him—— and as moſt of 'em prove, in good truth one wou'd Swear, they were all of his providing——

While with too curious Eyes we ſtrive to ſee
The dark Receſſes of our Deſtiny;
Heaven blaſts our Care, and we miſguided run
Into thoſe very Dangers we won'd ſhun.

Scene III.

Enter Captain and Slye *his Man with his Cravat bloody and torn.*

Capt. VVhat's the matter with thee *Slye*, been a Fighting?

Alder. I thought Women had no Buſineſs but on *Ludgate-hill* and *Cheap-ſide*——

Dreſſ. Ay Sir, but a Friend of mine was ſaying, That here above, at Sir *George Whitmore's* there lives a *French* Man——

Fulv. And you know, Uncle, they work better than our *Engliſh*——

Alder. You fooliſh Women think ſo——

Dreſſ. Oh Lord, Sir, they work better and cheaper too— this *French* Man has the prettyeſt Japan-work you ever ſaw——

Alder. But why in ſuch a Dreſs? they'll think you come to ſteal rather than buy.

Fulv. Oh Sir, they wou'd exact upon us if we were better dreſt— now they take us only for Servants, and we can caviſ and beat down their Prices——

Alder. I don't care if I go too, for I muſt ſend ſome things down into the Country.

Fulv. aſide) Now we are ruin'd——

Dreſſ. Ay, Sir, 'twill be worth your while— I'm ſure you will be extremely pleas'd—

Fulv. aſide) What! is the Devil in the Wench——

Dreſſ. There are Cabinets not above 40*l.* a-piece that are far richer than any in *Norfolk*-ſtreet of 100*l.*— the greateſt Shops in the Town, Sir, comes here for choice, which they pretend they make themſelves, and ſo exact double Rates for 'em——

Alder. Ay marry, that's ſomething indeed——

Dreſſ. You will give each of my young Miſtriſſes a Set of this Work Sir—— won't you Sir, now you are ſo near—— *one another.)*

Fulv. My Uncle looks in a good Humour *(they look upon*

Alder. Ah, Baggages—— picking my Pocket already— I ſmell your Deſign— you have way-layd me here on purpoſe to wheedle me out of ſome Trinkets—— Go, let me ſee what Pennyworths you can get— then I ſhall be better able to judge—— [*a Church Bell rings.*] Ods me— I

am

all later then I was aware of—— I shall miss my Friend—— good-by, good-by, Girl. *Exit.*

Fulv. I had like to have been quite defeated—— how came you to press him to go—— I cou'd have beat you.

Dress. Shyness might have given suspicion; the Hare lies secureſt just by the Kennel of Hounds——

Fluv. But if he had gon with us——

Dres. If he had—— I knew there was such a place—— and you wou'd have wheedled him out of something—— then we had not lost our labour let the Fortune-teller say what she cou'd——

Fulv. But I wou'd not have been baulk'd of this Humour for all the Cabinets the Man has——

Dres. It wou'd have been an Excuse for making a Sally this way any other time.

Fulv. Well don't let us stand prating here—— *Exeunt.*

Scene V. *A Dining-Room.*

Enter Julia *Sola.*

Julia, Sure, there's nothing so impertinent as these Men are—— if their Passion were not nauseous, yet their Affectation wou'd render 'em insupportable—— they talk of Love because they have their Lesson by Heart, and vainly imagine, we are pleas'd at the amorous repetition of borrow'd Words—— if we Smile at their Folly, they misconstrue it for a growing Inclination—— if we treat them as they deserve, then they rail at us behind our Backs—— we are the common Subject of their Midnight Conversation, and our Names force down their nauseous Cups—— a Cabal of Sots inspired with Wine attempt at Wit, and with an Insolence equal to their Stupidity obtrude their fulsome Letters upon us—then brag of having sent 'em, as if their Correspondence were familiar—— thus our Names are in every Bodies Mouth, tho' our Faces are unknown

to

to the Parish-Church. This is Gallantry, as they call it, but I think it a very gross Affront to——

Enter Servant Maid.

Serv. Madam, here is Sir *Clomsy Rattle*——

Julia. Why did you not tell him I was gone out?

Serv. He saw you at the Window, Madam, he has walk'd backwards and forwards here above these two Hours, I'm sure.

Julia, You might have told him I was busy—— or that I expected my Lawyers. Must I be tormented with the impertinent Visits of every Fellow that has Impudence or an Estate—— a Coxcomb in a Coach, thinks I must receive him, and because he can make me a Joynture pretends not to be refus'd—tell him I won't see him—(*Exit Maid.*) Indeed I was bred up to look after a Kennel of Hounds—and sit at the upper-end of a Table full of Gaffers and Gammers—— well, thus to be pester'd with the Addresses of Fools of every Rank, is too hard a Tax upon a moderate Fortune and a few Charms—— I'm afraid I must be forc'd at last to throw away my self upon some Person of Quality to put an end to those Vexatious Suits——

Re-enter Maid.

What have you deliver'd me from his Petulancy?

Maid. He's gone, Madam, but with such an Air of Discontent that plainly shews the anxiety of his Thoughts.

Julia. Let him think as he likes, if I am not plagued with his presence——

Maid. If your Ladyship cou'd judge of his uneasyness when not at your Feet, you wou'd pity his Love, if not return it——

Julia. If I cou'd believe it, as I don't, I shou'd do neither one nor 'tother.

Maid. That's resolving to be unjust, Madam——

Julia. Injustice implies a Right somewhere; I know none he has over me; and they over-rate his Desert

that

that think he ever ſhall have any.

Maid. His Love do's not depend upon your Uſage Madam——

Julia. I wiſh it did— he ſhou'd ſoon have his Liberty again—— for I do not like him, and never will——

Exit ſcornfully.

Maid. Well, a time may come when ſhe ſhall have outliv'd her Beauty——

Then may ſome lewd conceited Fop return
With Intereſt upon Intereſt all her ſcorn.

(Exit.)

ACT II.

Scene I. *A Room.*

Enter Alderman and Lady Featly.

Alder. You are very welcome to Town, good Siſter, and double your welcome by accepting my Houſe for your reſidence——

Lady *F.* I thank you kindly, Brother—— indeed I thought it unadviſable to take a Houſe, becauſe I hope to bring Matters to bear, Brother, and that in a very little while. I don't love to be long about Affairs—

Alder. We are all ſenſible of your Prudence, Siſter— and nothing ſhall be wanting on our ſide wherein we can be of moment to you——

Lady *F.* I have the Scheme of my Affairs in my Head, Brother—— tho' the tedioufneſs of my Journey has not a little incommoded me—— but I queſtion not a little reſt and the Company of my good Friends will quickly ſet all to rights again——

Alder. You command here, Siſter— and ſince your Journey has been tireſome, if you arediſpos'dto refreſh your

ſelf in your own Appartment, I will wait on you—— I have ſent word to my Lady *Livewell's* to acquaint her of your being arriv'd at my Houſe—— ſhe'll wait on you to be ſure, Siſter, in a Minute——

L. *Featly.* Oh, pray Brother, let me ſet my ſelf a little to rights firſt—— I ſhall be aſham'd of being ſeen in ſuch a pickle—— I'll follow you. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene II.

Enter Sir Giddy Whim *and* John *his Man, in Riding Habits.*

Sir Giddy *walks about the Room, takes Snuff, mutters himſelf and ſtartles.*

Sir *Giddy.* You—you— umph— [*muſes and walks about*

John. What Sir—— [*the Room.*]

Sir *Giddy.* Do you think ſhe's handſome?

John. Who Sir?

Sir *Giddy.* The Woman I come to ſee——

John. Yes, doubtleſs——

Sir *Giddy.* How do I look?

John. Very well— conſidering you are come off ſo great a Journey——

Sir *Giddy.* That's a ſweet going Beaſt of mine— I wiſh the Black Gelding proves ſound at the bottom—— but you——

John. Sir——

Sir *Giddy.* What's a Clock—— I wonder who'll take care of my poor Dogs now——

John. I don't know Sir——

Sir *Giddy.* How! you Raſcal, don't know; did you not ſpeak to ſome Body about it?

John. I knew nothing of ſpeaking about a Clock—

Sir *Giddy.* What do's the Puppy mean by a Clock?

John, Why! did not you ask me what it was a Clock, Sir?

Sir

Sir *Giddy.* But are n't my Dogs worth all the Clocks in *England?*

John. No; by the Meſs are they not, Sir—— and there was as many more of 'em, and Joler the worſt——

Sir *Giddy.* Well, go ſee what's a Clock then——

John. Where mun I go, Sir— I ne'er was in the Town before—

Sir *Giddy.* Have they never a one in the Houſe?

John. Very probable they have none—— for their Rooms are main ſcanty to what ours be in the Country, and we have but one you know, Sir, in all our Houſe.

A Servant paſſes by.

Sir *Giddy.* You, you, you—— Sweetheart— Madam—

Serv. Sir——

Sir *Giddy.* Have you ever a Clock in the Houſe?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Sir *Giddy.* Where is your Miſtris? I can't ſtay——

Serv. My Miſtriſs, Sir, is gone to the Change.

Sir *Giddy.* I'll go to her— which Change is ſhe gone to, Madam? *Offers to go away.*

John. (*aſide*) A fine Madam, indeed——

Serv. The *New Exchange*, Sir.

Sir *Giddy.* Is not your Miſtriſs a little whimſical?

John. (*aſide.*) I am ſure you are—

Serv. Pray why Sir?

Sir *Giddy.* To go to the *New-Exchange* when the other is ſo nigh—— Don't ſome of the young Sparks of the Town make Love to your Ladies?

Serv. Which of 'em, Sir——

Sir *Giddy.* All of 'em——

Serv. 'Tis not my Buſineſs Sir—— but young Ladies can't be long in *London* without Gallants——

Sir *Giddy.* If I had a Siſter ſhe ſhou'd have none——

Serv. You come after the Ladies, Sir—— why ſhou'd not others have the ſame liberty—

Sir *Giddy.* I come after 'em—— I don't care whether I or no.

John. (*aside.*) My Master is very obliging—(*to the Maid.*)

Serv. Yes— if you are no wiser 'twere no matter and you were both hang'd about one anothers Necks— for the Gallows is to good for you— (*Exit.*)

John. I like the Huzzy mainly, she has some mettle in her——

Sir Giddy *walks about the Room with his Hat over his Eyes*—— Sylvia *comes in and makes several Curtesies, and he do's not perceive her*—— John *pulls him by the Arm.*

John. Sir, the Lady is here— won't you take notice of her—— (*aside.*) This is the greatest stupidity that ever was——

Sir *Giddy.* Ay, ay, where is she? [*turns the wrong way.*]

John. My Master is a little discompos'd with his Journey— but he is a very Honest Gentleman——

John *goes to him, offers to lead him towards the Lady.*

Sylvia. You had best not disturb him, Friend—

John. Indeed but I will, Madam——

Sir *Giddy.* Let me alone, Sirrah ——

John. Sir, here's the Lady come to wait on you—

Sir *Giddy.* Where—— [*recovers himself*] Oh, Madam, I was thinking most agreeably on the Comforts of a Single Life——

John. Of a Marry'd Life, you mean, Sir—

Sylvia. Your Master ought to mean what he pleases——

Sir *Giddy.* Yes, I will mean what I please for all him, or you either—— if you come to that——

Sylvia. Nay, Sir, there is no body here will, I am sure, offer to contradict you——

Sir *Giddy.* Contradict me— I'll break their Heads if they do——

Sylvia. (*aside.*) This is an Original—— Pray Sir how are the Roads?

Sir

Sir *Giddy.* Hold, Madam, I muſt tell you, you are Handſome before I talk of the Roads— tho' I Ride as hard as any Body, and kill as much Horſe-fleſh as another— don't I *John?* How many do you think I keep in Body-Cloaths?

Sylvia. (*aſide.*) Bleſs me! What is this —— You Gentlemen of plentiful Eſtates, can't be without a good Stable of Horſes, Sir ——

Sir *Giddy.* I an Eſtate, Madam —— did any body tell you I had an Eſtate —— Pray what did they ſay it was?

Sylvia. A very conſiderable one —— [*aſide.*] as it had need. ——

Sir *Giddy.* Pray Madam, do you love the Country?

Sylv. Why, Sir?

Sir *Giddy.* Becauſe if you did not, I wou'd not Marry you ——

Sylv. You come ſoon to the Point, Sir—

Sir *Giddy.* The Point—What's that Madam?

Sylv. To the Point of Matrimony, Sir——

Sir *Giddy.* Why, I never thought of it yet——But wou'd you believe me, Madam, if I told you I dy'd for you—

Sylv. No Sir, I ſee you are alive —— [*Laughs.*]

Sir *Giddy.* Look you there now, Mr. Blockhead [*to* John] you told me, that I muſt tell the Lady I dy'd for her—— I told you again, that ſhe would tell me I ly'd—— ſo I did Madam, I proteſt and vow—— I am no Fool, Madam, that I am not —— and he ſhall make no more Speeches for me, marry ſhan't he——

John. [*aſide.*] No Body will get any Credit by it—

Sylv. You are very much in the right, Sir— you know your own Mind beſt——

Sir *Giddy.* Will you take any Snuſh, Madam——

Sylv. No, I thank you, Sir— I am none of thoſe Modiſh Ladies——

Sir *Giddy.* I can't live without it— my Snuſh-box is my Miſtriſs, Madam, I never go to Bed without it——

John.

John. [*aside.*] A pretty Speech, that on my word, and ought to be remember'd——

Sylv. You are a happy Man, Sir, that can ſo eaſily purchaſe ſo Charming a Miſtriſs.

Sir *Giddy.* Nay, as for Women, they are all alike to me—

John. [*aside.*] My Maſter, I'll ſay that for him, and a fig for him, is a pert Spokeſman——

Sir *Giddy.* Well Madam, I Rid hard to Day—— my poor Nagſes will be lame if I don't look after 'em—— good by—— it may be I'll come again by and by——

[*Exeunt Sir* Giddy *and* John.]

Sylv. Sooner then welcome, if ever— What a Husband has my Mother cull'd out for me—— but Diſobedience can be no Crime, when commanded to link with ſuch a Monſter—— Is this the Man was promis'd me—— ſuch a Fortune as this had been worth enquiring after— but 'tis not done yet— and I hope there is no impoſſibility of hindring it——

Enter Julia.

Julia. Well, you have a Charming Spark there— he has the Air of a Profound Man— [*Laughs.*]

Sylv. Profound indeed— his fellow is not upon Earth— he takes a pride in talking Nonſenſe——

Julia. How did he entertain you—— was he very Amorous and Humble—

Sylv. Not a word of either— but juſt the contrary—— if he liv'd till he Thought, he wou'd never dye I am confident——

Julia. Why, Cozen, you will be pure and Happy—— but in good Faith I don't envy you——

Sylv. If I can help it, you ſhan't pity me neither—— His Man was forc'd to make ſeveral Apologies for him——

Julia. What! is his Foot-man then his Tutor?

Sylv. Yes; and his Privy-Counſellour too, I ſuppoſe—

I thank my Stars, these Eyes of mine never beheld his Fellow.

Julia. This is but a rough Draught of him, you must have him new modell'd—or a little of good Conversation may make him passable in time—he is Young—

Sylv. Too Old to mend, I fear—he has nothing but Speech to Make him not pass for a Monkey——and want's nothing but Feathers to pass for a Magpye.

Exeunt.

Scene VI. *A Room.*

Enter Alderman and Lady Featly.

Alderm. You may command my poor Opinion in anything, Sister——and indeed, to dispose of our Children well, is what costs us many an uneasy Hour——

L. *Featly.* Indeed, Brother, 'tis marvellous troublesome, but it is seldome more than once to do——But, pray, have you had her in your Thoughts since she has been with you?

Alder. Her Years made me judge, she might be suddenly advis'd to consider of a State of Life, that in all probability, she wou'd not long be out of—this made me examine a little more narrowly into the Circumstances of some of my Acquaintance—What think you of Mr. *Thrivewell*—I cou'd compass that, Sister—

Lady *F.* No, indeed, Brother, I do not approve of your Choice at all—

Alder. Wou'd you really dispose of her, Sister, I know she is Young enough, and may tarry—But are your intentions that way?

Lady *F.* Yes, indeed, Brother, I have no other Business in Town; and as soon as that is done, will go home again——

Alder.

Alder. Then, pray Siſter, what is your Objection againſt Mr. *Thrivewell*, he is not Old, and is prodigiouſly Rich—

Lady *F.* Ay, Brother, he is too Rich——

Alder. This is the firſt time that ever the greatneſs of a Man's Eſtate, was made the reaſon, why a Woman ſhou'd not have him—

Lady *F.* A Man can't get ſo much Mony in ſo few Years, without many and great Villanies, Brother— what is well got will wear well— Beſides he is a ſad Man, he keeps naughty Company—

Alder. If that were an Objection here in Town, Siſter, no Body wou'd be Marry'd——

Lady *F.* But then they ſay, he lies with his Niece too Brother—— What Inceſt come into my Family—— no; I will not pull down Veugeance on me and mine——

Alder. All this is as little regarded in *London*, as a Hedge-Sparrow's Neſt in the Country—— Why, we had a famous Gentleman, Siſter, that Debauch'd his Daughter, and then Proſtituted her to his Neighbours: At the next Election for Parliament-men, he carry'd it by this ſame Stratagem—— This is a Wicked Town, Siſter——

Lady *F.* Ay, marry, I wiſh I were well out of it—— Don't you expect Fire and Brimſtone when it Thunders and Lightens?

Alder. Not at all— we expect nothing but wet Weather and dirty Streets—— But ſince Mr. *Thrivewell* is not for your purpoſe——

Lady *F.* Oh, Brother, don't name him to me—— I ſhan't be my own Woman again as long as I ſtay in Town——

Alder. What think you then, Siſter, of Sir *Samuel Shallow*—— he is a Man of a very good Family, moſt of the Great Men of the Land are his near Relations— beſides he has a great Intereſt at Court, and is a well-bred Gentleman——

Lady *F.*

Lady *F.* He is a Begger at bottom —— and that which he calls an Intereſt at Court will only ſerve to haſten his Ruin—— he ſhall have none of my Mony for Birth-day Cloaths— Marry her to a Courtier—— No, no, Sir, that's throwing her away indeed— for if ſhe is not Handſome enough to be a Whore, 'tis ten to one ſhe turns Bawd—— no Courtiers, Brother, no Courtiers for my Daughter——

Alder. What think you of Mr. *Goodland*'s Son?

Lady *F.* He is a Clown, a Fool and a Beaſt—— his Huntſmen and Jockeys will Cheat him of all that the Vintners leave him—— he is a certain Bubble to every Man he meets; he has not Wit enough himſelf to do well, nor Spirit enough to oppoſe another's doing ill——

Alder. Since what I offer don't pleaſe you, pray Siſter, what ſort of a Man will ſuit your Inclinations—— Mony won't go down with you, nor Quality, nor Land—— I have but one ſort of Men more to propoſe, and that is Sir *Marvellous Finnical*, he is——

Lady *F.* Not a Syllable more of him—— that is my Averſion of all Averſions—— a Fop is every Fool in one—— Time that weakens the force of other Vices, only makes this take a deeper root, and the older it grows the more odious it is—— this gay Jimcrack of a Man is ſo fond of it ſelf, it can neither love Wife or Child; his Taylor is his High-Prieſt, and his own ſelf both Sacrifice and Idol —— Ha, ha, ha.

Alder. Pray, good Siſter, draw the Picture of one you cou'd like—— then I ſhall better know what Meaſures to take——

Lady *F.* Why, in a word, Brother, I wou'd have a middle-aged Man, well-born and well-bred.

Alder. Very good——

Lady *F.* of a good Eſtate and a good Humour——

Alder. Very well——

Lady *F.* Diſcreet in all Company— eaſy and ingenious in Converſation——

Alder. No Body can except againſt any thing of all this ——

Lady *F.* Gay without being Vain— fluent of Diſcourſe without being Petulent—

Alder. Mighty well indeed——

Lady *F.* Not at all Proud, yet having a juſt eſteem and value for his Virtues and Birth——

Alder. What more Accompliſhments, Siſter——

Lady *F.* Neat without being Formal— Genteel without being a Fopp.

Alder. This is mighty well wiſh'd, but never to be hop'd for——

Lady *F.* Gallant without Intreagues— Courtly to the Ladies without wicked Deſigns—— Liberal but not Profuſe, Airy without Levity— take a Bottle with his Friend, but never to exceſs—— play at Cards to oblige others, and not ſpoil Company—— not to be fond of winning, nor peeviſh if he looſe—— in a word, Brother——

Alder. Nay, 'tis high time, indeed, Siſter, to finiſh your Draught—

Lady *F.* He muſt be the Reverſe of all the Men about Town——

Alder. If none elſe will go down, Siſter, I fear my Niece muſt lead Apes in Hell.

Lady *F.* Not ſo bad neither, Brother— I have one in my Eye—

Alder. I wiſh you good ſucceſs with all my Heart.

Lady *F.* But 'tis time I get my ſelf ready.

Exeunt.

Scene V.

Enter Capt. Smart *and* Slye.

Capt. What will this Day turn too?

Slye. All to good, I hope Sir—— But what if this Lady ſhou'd be ſome honeſt Man's Wife?

Capt. What care I— ſo much the better—— they'll rather give than take—

Slye.

Slye. But there is a new terrible Faſhion come up of late, Sir——

Capt. What means the Rogue—— was not there alwas Laws, and always Cuckolds—

Slye. But that ſame *Doctor Commons* is a damn'd hard bitten Dog, Sir——

Capt. If you are taken in the Fact, 'tis but a favourable Jury and Fifty Pounds Damage, and that upon Honour ſhe's oblig'd to repay you—tho' ſhe robs her Husband for it——But this Mask runs in my Head yet——

Slye. It may prove as fortunate as your laſt Rencounter at *Bridges*—Ha, ha.

Capt. Peace, Sirrah—— and patience——for our Sins we ſuffer—— Have you carry'd the Cloath to the Taylor's—

Slye. Yes, Sir—— he will ſet all his Men about 'em, you ſhall have 'em in very good time.

Capt. Go to him again, and promiſe 'em ſomething to Drink, if I have 'em in the Morning——

Slye. You had better ſend 'em ſomething, Sir—— they may be drowſy working in the Night——

Capt. There's half a Crown—— come to me to the Tavern when you have done.

Exeunt ſeverally

Scene VI.

Lady *F.* I can't reliſh your Reaſons at all, Brother——

Alder. But Sir *Giddy* is ſuch a Sir——

Lady *F.* Sir *Giddy* is a reſerv'd Gentleman—— he don't diſcover all of himſelf at firſt—— he is none of your fluttering Fools—— all noiſe and ſhew——

Alder. He is indeed, Siſter a very——

Lady *F.* A very good ſort of Man, Brother, and I like him——

Alder. But my Niece may not——

Lady *F.* My Daughter not like him—— I wou'd I cou'd

ſee the Huzzy at that once—— what ſhe not like what I pleaſe,—— I'll make her like him whether ſhe will or no——

Alder. Inclination can't be compell'd——— liking and loathing are not in our power.

Lady *F.* But they ſhall be——— and ſhe ſhall love Sir *Giddy*—— or ſhe had as good—— for ſhe ſhall Marry him—that's poſitive, Brother.

Alder. Pray Siſter hear but Reaſon——

Lady *F.* You had as good call me a Fool indeed; hear Reaſon—— why, I talk nothing but Reaſon.

Alder. Not having mention'd any thing to her of——

Lady *F.* What then, what then———

Alder. Pray hear me out, good Siſter——

Lady *F.* So I wou'd, if you wou'd but ſpeak——

Alder. Why, then in ſhort—— tho' ſhe may not be Engag'd———

Lady *F.* What! a Baggage, a Huzzy, engage her ſelf without my conſent——— I won't give her a Groat———, and what her Father left her is in my Hands, and ſhe ſhall recover it Penny by Penny at Law before ſhe has it—a Slut, Engage her ſelf———

Alder. Patience, good Siſter—— patience a little—— I don't ſay ſhe has Engag'd herſelf———

Lady *F.* Nay, Brother, if ſhe is not Engag'd——— 'tis well enough yet——

Alder. But ſhe may have ſeen ſome Gentleman that ſhe cou'd like better than Sir *Giddy*——— and if their Circumſtances were ſuitable, 'tis better to make her Happy than Miſerable——

Lady *F.* How! a Baggage— ſhe pretend to like any Body——— If I catch her Intreaguing I'll wringe her Neck off.

Alder. We had beſt Diſcouſe her about it——

Lady *F.* Agreed, Brother—— who is without there——— why *Betty*, *Betty*— why *Betty*, Huzzy— Lord, this Wench is never in the way———— *She goes to the Door and calls.*

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Lord what a noiſe here is with *Betty*— ſhe hollows as if one were two or three Lands length off—— Madam—

Lady *F.* You are always an Hour a coming— Where is my Daughter?

Betty. Is that all—— I was afraid the Houſe was on Fire.

Lady *F.* Will you be pleas'd to hold your Tongue, and anſwer me?

Betty (*aſide*) That's pretty indeed— Lord, Madam, one cannot open on's Lips, but preſently your Ladyſhip is angry——

Lady *F.* You are ſo full of your Prates, Miſtriſs Minx— anſwer me— Where's my Daughter?

Betty. A Dreſſing, Madam—

Lady *F.* A Dreſſing— a Dreſſing— ſhe's always a Dreſſing, I think——

Betty. Lord, Madam, your Ladiſhip thinks 'tis nothing to Dreſs a Gentlewoman as ſhe ſhou'd be—I am ſure I have been this two long Hours a pinning on her Hood, and had but juſt done as your Ladiſhip called——

Lady *F.* More then time indeed— two Hours in pinning on a Hood—— fetch her down, I ſay preſently— what a tedious while theſe Girls are a Dreſſing, Brother—— 'twas not ſo when we were Young—

Exit Betty.

Alder. Every Age has its Cuſtoms—— and none was ever without ſome Vanity or other— Young Folks muſt be allowed to be Young—— it won't be always ſo with 'em——

Lady *F.* Young Folks ſhou'd learn to be Wiſe from their Parents Examples—— How much did it coſt us to know what we can Teach them in half an Hour——

Alder. We may attempt to Teach 'em—— but they can't learn but by Experience and Time.

Enter Sylvia.

Lady *F.* So, what a Curteſy is there—— the Girl will

will turn a meer Changling—Why that Head a one ſide—You had need teach her Impudence, indeed, Brother ——— what Laugh at me, while I correct the Errors of her Dancing Maſter.

ſhe goes to ſhew her Daughter, and drops old faſhion Curſies the Alderman Laughs at her

Alder. You teize her too much, Siſter——ſhe does as ſhe is Taught, I dare engage ——

Lady *F.* Teize her———why 'tis Money thrown away upon her———I never ſaw any thing ſo awkard in my Life——— if ſhe were not to be Marry'd quickly, ſhe ſhould learn in the Country again.

Alder. But ſince ſhe is to be Marry'd, as you ſay, Siſter, talk to her about that, Sir *Giddy* is not a Man to look nicely after Breeding——

Lady *F.* Well, Child, what do you think of a Huſband?

Sylvia. Indeed, Madam, I don't think of one at all.

Lady *F.* There's an innocent Child for you, Brother, ſhe don't think of one at all—very well, Child, very well.

Alder. But ſuppoſing Nice, your Mother has ſome deſigns of ſettling you now ſhe is in Town——

Sylv. The ſooner, Uncle, the better——

Lady *F.* How, how Huzzy——the ſooner the better, ſay you——She that is in haſte to be a Wife, is not far from being a Whore——[*aſide*] She muſt be diſpos'd of I ſee———

Alder. Have you ſeen a Perſon you cou'd like better than other? Marriage is a ſerious Point——

Sylv. So ſerious, that I can't reſolve on't yet.

Lady *F.* But you muſt reſolve on it, Daughter—— you have ſeen Sir *Giddy Whim*—— he is the Man——

Sylv. I ſhou'd not have choſe him, Madam——

Alder. [*aſide.*] Nor I neither——

Lady *F.* No matter for that——you muſt Marry him—— I ſay ſo.

Alder. It is the uttermoſt Tyranny to make them Marry that can't love one another——

Lady

Lady *F.* Why, allowing Sir *Giddy* is not poliſh'd—— a Diamond is not leſs a Diamond for its being rough, Brother———

Alder. But a rough Peeble is not worth ſtooping for—

Lady *F.* Well, well, there is a good Proverb on his ſide—— and a good Eſtate too——

Sylv. His Perſon, Madam, is a great incumberance upon that Eſtate——

Alder. By what I ſee of him, he is a Mad-man in his Drink, and a Fool when he is Sober—

Lady *F.* There is no Bleſſing without ſome alloy, and a Prudent Woman may not be very Miſerable, if it ſhou'd ſo fall out that ſhe miſſes of being Happy— our Cares ſhall not be wanting——

Alder. No Care can ſignify any thing where the Temper of a Man is perverſe— for he may not be pleas'd, tho' you don't provoke him.

Sylv. Pray, Madam, How ſhall I manage him?

Lady *F.* As to what, Daughter——

Sylv. If he is a Moroſe, Souer, Angry Man?

Lady *F.* Tarry till he is Calm——

Sylv. But what muſt I do with a Drunkard?

Alder. Ay, marry, that's your Lot, I'm ſure——

Lady *F.* Put him to Bed, and tuck him up warm——

Sylv. If he is a Noiſy Husband, Madam?

Alder. And there needs no other Plague—

Lady *F.* Stop your Ears and get out of his way—

Alder. But ſuppoſing he is a Silly Husband?

Lady *F.* Keep him out of Company——

Sylv. But above all, if he is a ſleepy-Husband?

Lady *F.* Watch till he wakes, Daughter—

Alder. How good Inſtructions may be eaſily given— But how much Prudence, nay, what a felicity of Temper muſt there be to be able to follow your Advice, Siſter— if ſhe remembers all this—— 'tis the beſt Day's Work ſhe and you ever did——— we had beſt leave her to think on 'em.

Lady

Lady *F.* Do you hear me, Daughter? Don't forget one word of my wholſome Advice——

Sylv. I ſhall hardly forget it in haſte I believe.

Exeunt Lady and Alderman

Enter Julia *and* Fulvia.

Oh, Cozens the wonderfulleſt News that ever was— and you are come very opportunely to aſſiſt me with your Counſel——

Julia. To Congratulate your Felicity——

Fulv. But what is this News, are you to be Marry'd too Morrow?

Sylv. Nothing leſs in truth—— but don't envy me——

Julia. There's no Man worth having--- I think you rather an Object of Pity, Cozen—as I do them of my Contempt.

Sylv. But what a ſort of a thing of a Husband do you think I am to have? *Fulv.* Heavens know——

Julia. They are bad enough at beſt —— you can't expect above an indifferent one for your ſhare.

Sylv. Hold, I will reckon up his Vertues.

Julia. Vertues —— pray have a care—— any one goes a great way in a Man now a-days.

Sylv. Well, I meant Qualities, what ever I ſaid——

Fulv. The thoughts of being Marry'd had a little overcharg'd her—— this altering one's Condition puts one beſide one's common Biaſs, Cozen——

Sylv. Liſten a while to the Qualities--- they are many.

Julia. And bad, I'll warrant you ——

Sylv. I am to have a Croſs Husband, a Peeviſh Husband, a Drunken Husband, a Noiſy Husband, a Silly Husband, a Jealous Husband——

Julia. no more, ſure Coz.

Sylv. Yes, Coz, a Filthy Husband—— and what is worſe than all theſe together—

Fulv. That is impoſſible certainly ——

Sylv. Oh, no, he is a Sleepy Husband—— [*ſighs.*]

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam here's one Capt. *Smart*——

Sylv.

and for my Sins, look here he comes——

Enter Sir Giddy Whim *pulling his Wigg till 'tis over his Face.*

Sir *Giddy.* Well, Madam, my Horſes are pretty well, it griev'd my heart for 'em. [*Takes Snuff.*]

Fulvia. [*Aſide.*] He is a very tender hearted Spark.

Julia. [*Aſide.*] And tender headed too.

Sir *Giddy.* I wou'd not take Fifty Pound a piece of the beſt Chap in Town for 'em.—I told you I'd come again as ſoon as I cou'd: ſhall I beg a little of your ſmall Beer.

Sylvia. And welcome, Sir; I wiſh 'twou'd choak you. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Giddy.* I won't give you the trouble, Ma- [*She goes to call.*] dam, now I think on't I am not a dry.

Julia. [*Aſide.*] This Man has a great command of his Appetites.

Sir *Giddy.* Have you any Snuff, Madam,—[*Scraping his Box with his Finger.*] my forgetfull Son of a Whore of a Booby, has let me come out without a Cargo.

Sylvia. I wonder how this cuſtom came up of taking ſo much Poyſon Snuff.

Sir *Giddy.* Poyſon Snuff, Madam— you don't know what you ſay—— I wou'd now, look yee do you hear me—— part with my Wife's Bed, rather than my Snuff-Box,——It clears the Head, and helps the Underſtanding mainly.

Julia. [*Aſide.*] There's no great ſign of it by you. Nature has out-done herſelf in this Man: and he is ſo exquiſite a Block-head, that it wou'd puzzle *Pinkethman* to act his Character.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, here's one Captain *Smart.*

Sylvia. Why your Maſter in't within; cou'd not you have told him ſo?

Serv. But my Maſter left word he ſhou'd be brought up, Madam, and ſtay till he came home.

Julia. Then you muſt do it, that's all can be ſaid. [*Ex. Serv.*]

Fulvia. I never ſaw the Gentleman in my Life.

Julia. Nor I, to my knowledge, tho' I have heard my Uncle talk of him.

Sylvia. I believe 'tis the ſame was here yeſterday in the Morning.

Sir *Giddy.* Pray is this Captain *Smart* a Captain, Madam?

Omnes. You know as much of him as we do, Sir.

Enter Captain Smart.

Capt. *Smart.* Ladies I don't know where my firſt Reſpects are due; but rather than defer my felicity, I'll truſt Providence,

and pay my devotions as ſhe has plac'd you. [*Salutes* Syl. *and* Jul.]

Sir *Giddy*. What does he do here?

Sylvia. He is a Relation of my Uncle's, juſt come from *Flanders*, Sir. [*As he goes to ſalute* Fulvia, *Sir* Giddy *catches him by the hand.*]

Sir *Giddy*. I am glad to ſee you Noble Captain, how do all our Friends in *Flanders*?

Capt. *Sm*. Sir, the Fair Sex have ſo juſt a Right to my firſt Obedience, that I hope you will not think me rude if I ſalute this Lady before I return your Civilities. [*Salutes* Fulvia.]

Julia. Indeed he ſhou'd, Sir: for he has been more obliging to you than to either of us.

Capt. *Sm*. I can queſtion nothing from ſo fair a Lady; but Love, Madam, makes us ſtupid, after it has made one blind: and he that can be abſolute Maſter of himſelf in ſo charming Company as yours, Ladies, muſt be inſenſible.

Sylvia. This looks like a Man. [*Aſide to her Coz.*]

Fulvia. And talks like one too.

Sir *Giddy*. Pray Captain have you any Women in *Flanders*?

Capt. *Sm*. Yes ſure, Sir. Men don't ſpring out of the Ground like Muſhromes.

Julia. But by the extravagancy of your flattery, Captain, he judg'd you had never converſt with a Woman before.

Capt. *Sm*. Never with any that pleas'd me ſo well.

Sir *Giddy*. But pray, Captain, are they as handſome as theſe Ladies?

Sylvia. And handſomer too—— or ſo many wou'd not come heartleſs home, as there does every Winter—— I ſpeak for my ſelf, Ladies.

Capt. *Sm*. Then you only injure your ſelf, Madam, for the leaſt powerfull of your Charms are beyond the Perfections of the whole Country.

Fulvia. (*Aſide.*) So, ſo, ſomething may come of this.

Julia. We know the Gentlemen of the Army, Sir, are as Gallant in their Garriſons, as they are Courageous in the Camp.

Sir *Giddy*. Pray, Captain, was you ever kill'd?

Capt. *Sm*. How kill'd, Sir,—— this Man's diſtracted. (*Aſide.*)

Sir *Giddy*. I mean in danger, Sir?

Capt. *Sm*. Not ſo much as at preſent, Sir.

Sir *Giddy*. Then I did not care if I were there too.

Sylvia. You are for being out of harm's way I ſee, Sir *Giddy*.

Capt. *Sm*. Then he muſt not be here, Madam.

Julia. Why ſo, Captain? Capt.

Capt. *Sm.* Bullets are not ſo fatal as Beauty.

Sylvia. Yet I believe, Sir, a Shot in your Heart from a Pocket-Piſtol, wou'd diſpatch you ſooner than Ten from any Lady in *London.*

Capt. *Sm.* More ſuddain, not more ſure, Madam; and in your Eyes I already ſee the Grave of that Liberty, which hitherto I have maintain'd inviolable: but with joy I'll drag the Chain that is of your impoſing, and be proud to be undone.

Sir *Giddy.* You can Complement, Captain: Did you uſe theſe ſpeeches in *Flanders*, or have you learn't 'em ſince you came over?

Julia. (*Aſide.*) Was ever ſuch abominable ſtuff— (*To her Coz.*)

Fulvia. I wonder at his Patience.

Capt. *Sm.* I have no ſet forms of Addreſſes to the fair Ladies— Beauty and occaſion put my words in my Mouth, Sir *Giddy.*

Sir *Giddy.* They never put any thing in mine.

Sylvia. (*Aſide.*) Not that is worth hearing indeed.

Capt. *Sm.* It may be you never met any Lady you thought handſome, tho'———

Sir *Giddy.* I think ſo indeed— tho' now I've call'd to mind my Huntſman's Daughter is pure and pretty: I ſaw her t'other Morning a Milking.

Julia. A pretty Recollection indeed— it had been very barbarous of you to have forgotten the Lovely Nymph. (*Smiling.*)

Sylvia. We are always highly obliged to you, Sir.

Sir *Giddy.* I love to ſpeak Truth, Captain—— What ſay you? a Man of Honour muſt not tell lies.

Capt. *Sm.* No, no, Sir *Giddy*, keep to your Integrity. (*Smiling.*)

Fulvia. Nay, Sir *Giddy* will never have many Sins to anſwer for upon the ſcore of Civility.

Sir *Giddy.* But are there not a great many of you Captains that are Cowards?

Sylvia. He'll get his Bones broke, by and by.

Capt. *Sm.* Every Man is not equally brave, no (*They all Laugh.*) more than they are equally Wits.

Sylvia. You ſhew a great deal of Temper, Sir.

Capt. *Sm.* Nothing can put me out of Temper when you are by, Madam, but your diſdain. (*Sir* Giddy *pulls off his Wigg and walks about with it in his hand.*)

Julia. Great Fortunes will run away with all the flattery. (*Aſide to* Fulvia.)

Fulvia. That's but accident, he don't know her.

Sir *Giddy.* 'Tis very hot—— Come, Captain, ſhall we take a Bottle, and drink the Ladies healths———I am a-weary of being here.

Sylvia. (*Aſide.*) And we too I'm ſure of you.

Capt. *Sm.* It ſuits but ill with the Character of a Gentleman to leave Ladies for Wine——— any other time I ſhall gladly do theſe Ladies Juſtice——— beſides, I ſtay for my Uncle, Sir,——— and this is the firſt time I have had the Honour of theſe Ladies Converſation: I am ambitious of improving it.

Fulvia. The advantage will be ours, Sir.

Sir *Giddy.* Hark you, Mrs. *Sylvia*——— (*Takes her aſide.*)

Capt. *Sm.* This ſame Knight of yours, Ladies, is a little beſides himſelf.

Julia. He is nothing but himſelf, Sir.

Fulvia. For Heav'ns ſake go along with him, and fix him at a Tavern, that's his delight: he won't ſtir as long as you ſtay, when my Uncle comes we'll ſend you word.

Capt. *Sm.* Any thing to make you eaſy, for I am entirely your's——— Come, Sir *Giddy*, Will you adjourn?

Sir *Giddy.* With all my heart——— (*Goes out without taking leave, his Wigg in his hand.*)

Capt. *Sm.* Tho' I have not the honour to be at your feet, Ladies, you ſhall never be out of my Mind.

Sir *Giddy.* I believe I can't ſee you till to-morrow.

Omnes. A fair riddance of you.

Fulvia. Thus niggardly does Fate each bliſs diſpence,
The Blockheads over-pay the Men of Senſe.

A *Dialogue.*

Woman. *When firſt you whiſper'd me of Love,*
'Twas eager, fond, and gay;
Eternal Conſtancy you vow'd,
Whence comes then this decay?

Why are the Cluſters of the Vine,
Which out of reach you priz'd;
Now freely gather'd and poſſeſt,
Neglected and deſpis'd?

Man.

Man. *Altho' my Paſſion was at firſt*
Gay as the Infant Year,
Yet in a Seaſon more advanc'd
It other ſhapes muſt wear.

Then think not Celia *that your Love,*
Is ſlighted or betray'd,
For when the wiſh'd for Fruit is knit,
The gaudy Bloſſoms fade.

ACT. III.

SCENE *The Alderman's Houſe.*

Enter Sly *and* Betty.

Sly. THis is luckier than look't for——— Our Friend and Fair Lady both in one Houſe——

Betty. Matters may be ſo much the eaſier to manage, if there is no neglect on your ſide.

Sly. To let you ſee what ſort of Perſons you employ your care for, my Maſter deſires you wou'd accept of this earneſt of his Gratitude. (*Gives her Mony.*)

Betty. His Actions are like his Looks, every thing beſpeaks his Merit.

Sly. I hope your Lady will ſee a little better for your being on his ſide.

Betty. Intereſt does not make us blind, but makes us not think we ſee, what is convenient ſhou'd not be ſeen: and the Captain's Generoſity is not the only thing inclines me to ſerve him.

Sly. But ſhou'd there not be a good underſtanding between us?

Betty. I hope there never will be otherwiſe.

Sly. Ought not we that work in the ſame Cauſe, in ſome manner to divide the Spoil?

Betty. The work is not done, nor the hire paid, Earneſt-Mony is a thing by its ſelf.

Sly. Well, well, we'll have no diſputes, leaſt we loſe a Victory

Victory while we decide a trifle. { *Calling without.*

Betty. My Lady calls; Mr. *Sly* your Servant.

Sly. Mind the main chance, Mrs. *Betty*, and ſucceſs attend you.

Betty. My diligence ſhall ſhew my gratitude, and I hope anſwer expectation. (*Exit Sly.*) What does the Pimp pretend to——— ſhare my Vails——— no, I thank you Mr. *Sly*,——— we are none of thoſe Putts——— you have your Salary and your Service a-part: Tho' I fancy you have been beforehand with me in your Maſter's Generoſity. (*Looks in her hand and counts the Mony.*) This is a broken Sum; and tho' I ſuſpect 'tis not the total, yet the Devil's in it, I muſt not ask.

Enter Sylvia.

Sylvia. Whoſe Servant was that?

Betty. An old Acquaintance, Madam, he belongs to Captain *Smart*.

Sylvia. What, our Captain *Smart*?

Betty. None other Madam.

Sylvia. He's a pretty ſort of a Gentleman: but Travelling does ſo much refine our Country Clods, that 'tis a Miracle any of 'em have patience to ſtay at home.

Betty. Ay, Madam, but if you knew all———

Sylvia. What ſhou'd I know more than I do? Or what can I know to make me eaſy under the neceſſity of ſuch a Husband?

Betty. Oh, Madam———

Sylvia. What wou'd the Wench have?

Betty. I wou'd have you have, what the Captain wou'd have you have, and that's himſelf.

Sylvia. The Maid is mad ſure.

Betty. No, Madam, I go upon a ſure bottom,: the Captain loves you extreamly, I can aſſure you of it, Madam—— his Man came to Negociate a poſſibility of your being not angry if he ſhou'd tell you ſo.

Sylvia. How great an Opinion ſoever I have of his Merit, his Pretenſions come now too late— and I am ſo much the more at a loſs, as I don't diſlike him.

Betty. If you wou'd but reſolve, Madam—

Sylvia. The Maid talks like a fool: What can I reſolve againſt a Contract ſign'd, the Writings executed by his Uncle, and expected every hour in Town: then the next Morning is the laſt of my Liberty, (*Sighing.*) and the firſt of my ruin.

Betty.

Betty. Will you give us leave to contrive——— his Uncle can do as well for him, Madam, as my Lady can for you——— and you will be ſure to gain a good Friend, while you hazard a Mad-Woman.

Sylvia. She has juſt now renew'd all her Promiſes to me; and in token of her ſincerity, has given me her Jewels: I have juſt lockt 'em up.

Betty. Then you are ſure of that already, and can expect nothing more till ſhe dies; and mad People are always long-liv'd.

Sylvia. My Lady is ſo intent upon it, I fear it is impoſſible to do any thing in it: The Contract can't be cancell'd: and what know we, if my Mother cou'd be brought to any thing, whether Sir *Giddy*, wou'd conſent.

Betty. There are ways and means to be found out to effect that too.

Sylvia. But his Uncle wou'd diſinherit him if he ſhou'd.

Betty. Mind you your own Felicity, Madam; Time is precious, don't complement your ſelf into Deſtruction.

Sylvia. So many difficulties are Inſurmountable; and I muſt be undone. *(Sighs.)*

Betty. Never fear, Madam; We'll turn the Odium of it all upon them, and work out our own ends to.

Sylvia. But if we are diſappointed?

Betty. But who wou'd not ſtruggle for his freedom? There is more than a poſſibility of ſucceeding.

While Fate's dark paths we humbly are purſuing,
Some find their Fortune, where they fear'd their Ruin. (Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Julia *and* Alderman.

Alder. Was there not a Gentleman here to enquire for me?

Julia. Yes, Sir, but he is gone with Sir *Giddy* to the Tavern.

Alder. Their Friendſhip may be of moment to us; and you Child muſt lend us a lift in the Affair.

Julia. I hope you don't queſtion my obedience.

Alder. No, no, Child, but we muſt break off this Match.

Julia. That ſeems impoſſible to me: not but that Sir *Giddy* is the moſt contemptible mortal upon the face of the Earth, and I wou'd do any thing to extricate my Cozen *Sylvia* from ſo great a misfortune.

Alder.

Alder. Lay your heads together, you muſt be quick— I'll ſend my Siſter to you——— keep her in play a little, and feel her Pulſe. (*Exit.* Alder.

Sylvia, What are our Lives but one continued contradiction? 'Tis the buſineſs of this day to unravel, what was all our care and application yeſterday to weave—— this Match has been the Labour and contrivance of ſome years, and every body, more or leſs, concern'd in it, but them two alone for whom all theſe Foundations of Felicity have been laying—— Every thing is now come to an agreeable period, as one wou'd think, and all their blooming hopes muſt be daſh'd: Countermines ſprung, and new meaſures concerted——— What are Children? Or rather what are Parents, that ſteer us through ſo many dangerous and dark *Meanders*, and make us oftner the objects of their Tyranny than of their Tenderneſs: Our blind Obedience precipitates us into Ruin; or we are upbraided as undutiful, if we will not be undone. Is the meer Being alone ſo great a Bleſſing, that the heavieſt Chains we can drag is but an eaſy compoſition, tho' not to terminate but with our Lives? But here comes our Aunt—— now to my Task.

Enter Lady Featly.

Your Ladiſhip is mightily hurried with this affair.

L. *Featly.* I am quite tired out of my Life, but wou'd willingly ſee my poor Child ſettled. Ah, Cozen, you little know how many uneaſy hours we Parents go through for our Childrens good: We pay dearly alas for that feeble joy we taſt in their Settlement.

Julia. I ſhall not give mine any trouble that way.

L. *Featly.* You don't know what your Friends may be contriving for you: They have not the leſs bitter Thoughts becauſe you know 'em not. I have been tormenting my ſelf theſe Six Years and upwards, to bring this Match about for your Cozen my Daughter, and was not poſitive of ſucceeding till the day before I left *Yorkſhire.*

Julia. So now you can't be diſappointed in that, I preſume your Ladyſhip will be for looking out for your ſelf.

L. *Featly.* Why it is a great concern upon my hands, the management of my Affairs, Cozen. We Women are very helpleſs Creatures in the Affairs of the World. What with Taxes and Repairs, Ill Tennants, and that plague of plagues, Knaviſh Stewards, I am quite diſhearten'd indeed Cozen.

Julia.

Julia. Thoſe Affairs, Madam, are beſt manag'd by the Men; for Women are an eaſy prey to all they deal with.

L. *Featly.* Indeed I may ſay ſo; for I have had nothing, nothing but Sorrow, and Care, and Vexation, ever ſince my good Sir *John* died; tho', I thank God, if I do *(Weeps)* Marry again, the World can't ſay but that I provided for my Child firſt.

Julia. What does your Ladyſhip think of a game at Cards to divert melancholy Thoughts? We muſt not interrupt the Lovers.

L. *Featly.* No, by no means, poor Lambs, let them enjoy one another. I'll wait on you. *(Exit.)*

Julia. So, now I muſt be plagu'd with you for a while: but it is equally a Friendly part to forward a good Match, and prevent a bad one. *(Exit.)*

Enter Sir Giddy *and* John.

Sir Giddy. Did you deliver the Letter, Sarrah?

John. Yes, Sir, I did. *Sir Giddy.* And what anſwer had you?

John. None, Sir. *Sir Giddy.* How, none!

John. Why, Sir, I carry'd the Letter, and deliver'd the Letter, ſhe open'd the Letter, and I ſuppoſe Read the Letter then walk'd away, and ſaid nothing.

Sir Giddy. What, ſhe ſay nothing, humph; nothing?

John. Yes, Sir, not one word, good or bad.

Sir Giddy. Go fetch me my Letter again.

John. It may be too late now, Sir: but if it ſhou'd come to my Ladies hands there wou'd be a fine Hurricane in our Houſe.

Sir Giddy. What care I.

John. Your Circumſtances makes it odious, Sir.

Sir Giddy. No matter for that: I know what I know.

John. And I know that I wou'd not have my Neck ſo faſt ty'd as your Hands, for a Twelve Months Wages and a new Livery.

Sir Giddy. Well: but you——— *(Walking about.)*

John. Sir.

Sir Giddy. My Hat, and Gloves, and Sword, you Dog, my things are never in the way: no body is ſo plagu'd with a Blockhead, as I am.

John. *(Aſide.)* Of your own, 'tis true. They are all ready on the Table, Sir, as uſually.

Sir Giddy. But, Booby, where are my Gloves? The Fellow's mad I believe. *(He puts his Gloves in his Hat, and looking in the Glaſs puts on his Hat.)*

John. Sir, I gave 'em you in your hands.

Sir Giddy. What, do you think I have eat 'em? I tell you

I have none of 'em. (*Feeling in his Pockets.*)

John. I can't imagine where he has done 'em: 'tis ſtrange he can't remember half a moment, and yet he muſt have done 'em ſomewhere: (*Looking about the Rome.*) you muſt have 'em in your Pocket, Sir, they are not behind the Table.

Sir Giddy. I tell you I have none of 'em, Sarrah: What! give me the lie? I'll teach you better manners. (*Kicks him, his Hat falls of, the Gloves appear.*)

John. Look you, look you, Sir, there they be in your Hat: you never mind what you do; then ſtreight I am in the wrong, and muſt be kickt like a Dog: this uſage in a ſhort time will make me as mad as you are.

Sir Giddy. Hold your bawling, Sarrah, I was thinking on ſomething elſe: There's a pair of Gloves for you: (*Throws him Money.*) mind your buſinſs. (*Exit.*)

John. This is ſome ſatisfaction however. (*Taking it up.*)

Good Maſter's are good Friends, and we muſt bear
Their frowns ſometimes, if we their Favours ſhare. (*Exit.*)

Enter Fulvia, Sylvia, *and* Dreſſwel.

Fulvia. Well, Coz, what think you now of being a Lady?

Dreſſw. A Coach and Six Horſes, Madam, and as many How-d'ye's in a Morning, as a Lord has Duns.

Sylvia. Ambition is a pardonable failing in either Man or Woman: but is not always a good Councellor.

Fulvia. 'Tis ſo eaſy lolling by the ſide-glaſs;

Dreſſw. And the Crimſon-Velvet darts a lovely Roſy bluſhing to a Pale Complexion, Madam.

Sylvia. She that has ſuch a fool to ſit by her ſide, needs nothing elſe to colour her Cheeks: ſhe'll bluſh but too much to be ſeen with him: that is ſo intolerable an Article———

Fulvia. Let that nere diſturbe you, Coz.

Sylvia. But to have a Husband that one muſt ever be aſham'd to appear with, bluſh for him at every thing he ſays, with whom one muſt be miſerable and may not Poyſon———

Fulvia. People don't Marry now-a-days for one anothers Converſation. *Sylvia.* For what then?

Dreſſw. Oh, Madam, there are a great many pretty little b Deſigns.

Fulvia. There is not one Article in Matrimony thar either Ma or Woman deſign to keep. *Sylvia.* I comprehend you not.

Fulvia. Why there is going where you will, and calling returning a Viſit; pretending a Neighbour cry'd out, when you a at the Play in a Maſque. *Sylv*

Dreſſ. And that the good Man may more readily believe you have been a Goſſiping, from the Play adjourn to the Tavern, and get merry before you come home: Then in your Gaiety give the nauſeous Coxcomb a Kiſs or two, and he's happy in a loving Wife.

Sylv. Pretty Contrivances indeed.

Fulv. But this is not all neither: For you are ſure of a Settlement if you don't like your Husband.

Dreſſ. And of a Cloak too, Madam, if you happen to like another Man.

Sylv. Very pretty! Since this is the Foundation, no wonder the Buildings are ſo bad.

Fulv. You are now curb'd and ſnubb'd by a Devil of an old Woman. Some ſmall dependance upon her Liberality and Death makes you a perpetual Slave. If you diſoblige her, you diſappoint your ſelf. And if you do not manage your After-game wiſely, you may pay dearly, I confeſs, for all ſhe has.

Sylv. But the Liberties you talk of, while they ſubſtract a little from my Miſeries, may make my Husband uneaſie.

Fulv. If he's good-natur'd he'll take no Alarm.

Dreſſ. And if he is jealous, he juſtifies all you can do.

Fulv. If he inſpects your Actions, you muſt be more cautious.

Dreſſ. And if he will not let you go abroad ſo often as you wou'd, loſe no Opportunity when you can.

Fulv. There is no Man ſo circumſpect, but may be overreach'd.

Sylv. But yet a Husband that one loves----

Fulv. Such a one may not love you.

Sylv. But I wou'd have one that did.

Fulv. You may be diſappointed even there too.

Sylv. Impoſſible ſure.

Fulv. Granting you had ſuch a Perſon, that kindly return'd the endearing Sallies of your Love; whoſe mutual Affection ſeem'd to leave you nothing to wiſh for: Yet every moment of his Abſence wou'd make you uneaſie.

Dreſſ. Nay, your Fondneſs in time would make him ſo.

Fulv. For Love is a charming Collation, but an ill Diet.

Sylv. Were I to chuſe my Man, I ſhou'd not queſtion my Felicity.

Fulv. Wiſer Women than you have been deceiv'd. The only way never to be extreamly wretched, is not to expect to be happy.

Dreſſ. Ay, Madam, Love makes every Croſs greater; but Indifference leſs.

Sylv. It will be time for us, Couzen, to make our Appearance below-ſtairs.

Dreſſ. There's my Maſter's Voice there.

Enter Alderman *and Captain.*

Alder. You have been us'd to ſtorming of Towns, ſupplanting, countermining, Ambuſhes, ſham marches, gaining of time, and advantageous Poſts, *&c.*

Capt. Wherein, pray, Sir, will theſe Perfections be of any moment to me in this Emergency.

Alder. I have told you how the Affairs ſtand: There is good Game if you'll beat for it.

Capt. I like the Game extreamly well, and am not ſoon baulk'd: But would know what particular method you wou'd have me uſe.

Alder. Any method but Violence; becauſe it is in my Houſe.

Capt. We muſt have the Women on our ſide. And if I cou'd but prepoſſeſs the young Lady but a little in my Favour, I'll engage to throw 'em ſuch a Bone to pick ſhall make their Eye-teeth crack.

Alder. Well deſign'd, my Lad, however. The Cauſe is your own you appear in. But let not my Couzen know that I am in the Plot: For Women have a ſtrange Averſion from doing any thing another adviſes them to; unleſs it be Miſchief; and even there too they wou'd ſeem to have the Honour of contriving it. I'll ſend the Women to you this minute. (*Exit* Alder.

Capt. Something may come of all this----And if I can make my Fortune at one Hit, I ſhall leave Honour to the Deſperate, and Fatigue to them that have nothing elſe to

do

do with their time. I have had my Share, and ſerv'd an Apprenticeſhip. I'll live in the Country, be Loyal, pay Taxes freely, and get Children in abundance. Hold up Heart; here comes the Prize, a Woodden Leg, or a Golden Chain.

Enter Fulvia *and* Sylvia.

I am got looſe at laſt, Ladies.

Fulv. We pity'd you indeed, Captain.

Sylv. We were forc'd to ſacrifice you, Sir, to our Repoſe.

Capt. You cou'd not have commanded any one that wou'd more readily have obey'd you; nor any thing I wou'd leſs willingly have done.

Fulv. We are your Debtors, Captain.

Sylv. We muſt ſtudy a Return.

Capt. The Honour of ſerving you, Ladies, is enough in it ſelf: Any Reward, beſides your Acceptance, wou'd put me to the bluſh.

Sylv. Pray, Captain, what Diſcourſe had you with your new Acquaintance?

Fulv. Something very entertaining, to be ſure.

Capt. Extraordinary it was indeed; but not very engaging.

Fulv. Some Men are well enough over their Wine, tho' they are ſometimes at a loſs with the Women.

Capt. He complemented the Man of the Houſe, enquir'd after a couple of Fox-Dogs, rail'd at the Wine, and drank three or four large Glaſſes, talk'd to himſelf, walk'd about the Room, rung the Bell only to make a noiſe, call'd for two or three ſeveral Drawers for nothing at all: At laſt he bethought himſelf, and wanted ſome Tobacco. The Pipes were no ſooner brought up, but he broke 'em all to pieces; then begg'd my pardon, he wou'd wait on me in a minute, and ſo went down Stairs.

Sylv. You got ſome reſpite then, Captain.

Capt. If he had never come in again, I had been better pleas'd.

Fulv. How long were you happy, Captain?

Capt. To be out of this Company, and in his, was all the Malice of my adverſe Fate at once, ſo cou'd no ways

be happy, tho' my Sufferings were ſuſpended a little.

Fulv. Upon our Abſence you ſuffer'd not much. In Sir *Giddy*'s Company you might exerciſe your Patience a little.

Capt. You wou'd be better able to judge what I underwent, if you cou'd ſee a certain great huge hole that you have made in my Heart.

Sylv. Your Love's too hot to hold, I believe, Sir.

Capt. The laſt moment of my Life, Madam, ſhall convince you of this miſtake. And you do me Injuſtice, if you don't believe it.

Fulv. Her believing you, Captain, can be of no great Service to you: And if ſhe did, it wou'd make you take a ſolitary walk to *Roſamond*'s Pond, to teach your Love to ſwim.

Sylv. The Captain is not ſo deeply ſmitten, as to apprehend ſuch Violences from his Love. I know not how they love beyond Sea tho'.

Fulv. Juſt as they do here, I believe; ſwear and lie, and have new Hearts for every Face.

Capt. Let the People beyond Seas love as their Cuſtom is: If they had ſuch Beanties as you are, they cou'd not but be conſtant. I am ſure I will ever be ſo here.

(*Kiſſes* Sylvia's *Hand.*

Sylv. That's forbidden Fruit, Sir.

Capt. Then I can't but deſire it the more. (*Kiſſes her Hand again.*

Fulv. This is ungenerous, Captain, to make love to your Friend's Bride.

Capt. What Friend? or what Bride?

Fulv. That Lady there, as demure as ſhe is, is to be married to morrow to Sir *Giddy*.

Capt. That Gudgeon is too big to be ſwallow'd: Some other Banter might have paſt.

Sylv. I may well look demure, Sir. If it were her Caſe, as it is mine, it wou'd make her Heart ake.

Capt. And ſhe's to be married to Sir *Giddy*---What, Madam, was your Father an Agent? Or did you rip up your teeming Mother? Have you given the ſmiling Babe burning;

ing Brimſtone inſtead of Pap? What can you have done to pull down ſuch a Judgment!

Sylv. My Mother is afraid of all the Gentlemen about Town: For every thing that Cuſtom has introduc'd ſince ſhe married firſt, is an Abomination to her.

Fulv. And for fear of a Fop, ſhe will force her to have a Fool.

Capt. That's cutting off the Legs to ſave Shooes. Well, I wou'd not keep him Company for 100 Pound an hour.

Sylv. But pray, Captain, how got you rid of him?

Capt. As he was muttering ſomething to himſelf, about half an hour afterwards, of leaping well--- a ſpecial Gelding---full fifteen Hands---comes ſix next Graſs---But ſixty Guineas was a great deal of Money too---My better Angel came by in the ſhape of a Horſe in Body-cloaths; Sir *Giddy* in a Fury threw up the Saſh, bawl'd after the Groom---enquir'd where the Horſe ſtood---call'd for a Coach immediately-----begg'd my pardon for leaving me---and drove away, like Lightning, to the *Bear* at *Knights-bridge*, to know more of the Horſe. I never paid a Reck'ning ſo freely in my Life.

Fulv. I ſuppoſe you did not need much entreaty to ſign his Pardon, Captain.

Capt. Not in the leaſt, Madam: For no Man ever ſuffer'd ſo much in ſo little a time. But now I only think of paſt Miſeries, to endear the preſent Felicity.

Sylv. Your Confinement with Sir *Giddy* put you by ſome other Aſſignation, it may be.

Fulv. Nay don't bluſh and lie too, Captain. I read Guilt in your Face: And if I err not with *Erra Pater*, you have conſign'd your Heart already.

Sylv. There needs no Conjuration to read that.

Fulv. But, I ſay, he has not only given away his Heart, but confirm'd it with a Pledge.

Capt. What you pleaſe, Ladies, for Railery.

Sylv. This is hard upon you, Captain. What, will not your Heart be taken without Collateral Security?

Fulv. Nay more, he was ſo ſmitten, that he gave away his

his Heart, without ever ſeeing the Perſon's Face he gave it to. (*The Captain Muſes.*

Sylv. Rub up your Memory, Captain. It ſtands you upon. What! offer us the Gleanings of your Affection.

Fulv. Nay, what is a greater Indignity yet, the very Refuſe of a *Moorfields* Mask.

Sylv. At'other end of the Town Mask had been leſs unpardonable, Captain. You ſtraggle far and wide for Prey.

Capt. But, Madam, ſince you know ſo much of my Wand'rings, you can't but know, that a couple of paltry Huzzies wou'd have pick't me up, and forc'd a Converſation upon me; but they were ſo very ſcandalous, I was aſham'd of them.

Fulv. Very fine indeed! (*Aſide.*

Sylv. What! offer your Heart at firſt ſight to a Woman you were aſham'd of: How muſt we take the offer of it, Captain.

Fulv. Doubtleſs he offer'd more than his Heart and his Hand. He wou'd have treated 'em too, if that Croſs in his Forehead do not deceive me.

Sylv. What! drink with People you are aſham'd of too.

Fulv. Yes, yes, Couſin, the Captain is like the reſt of his Cloath, very communicative of his Perſon.

Sylv. Nay, and of his Purſe too, it ſeems.

Capt. Poor Devils, they look'd as if they wanted a Breakfaſt: And Charity is due to every body, you know, Ladies.

Fulv. You Officers are very charitable People I know: You had rather give a Miſs a Supper of Forty Shillings, than buy a Wife a Penn'orth of Pins. For as indifferent Creatures as they were, you extended your Charity, it may be, farther, and laid a Foundation for a future Commerce. No Aſſignation? Was there no bit of an Aſſignation?

Capt. What! an Aſſignation with ſuch filthy Puſſes----

Fulv. Pleaſant indeed. (*Aſide.*

Capt. I need not have deferr'd it till another time. They wou'd have gone that moment with me, or any body elſe, I don't queſtion, all the wicked World over. *Sylv.*

Sylv. Fie, you are cenſorious, Captain. What, can't a Woman accept of a Cake and a Bottle of Ale from a Stranger, that has the Aſpect and Courteſie of a Gentleman, but ſhe muſt be I know not what immediately?

Fulv. But all Men are ſo, Couſin. Now that I knew theſe Women, to tell 'em what a vile Deſcription he has given of 'em. And yet, I dare ſay, he flatter'd 'em, Couſin, as highly as he has done us.

Fulv. But when are you to meet again?

Capt. Your Chatechiſe is too long, and too intricate: Your Couſin is leſs Imperious.

Sylv. Women are naturally inquiſitive, Sir.

Capt. I am for a reaſonable Liberty of Conſcience in every Government. I'll be of your Party, Madam, and pull down Tyrants. Down with 'em, down with 'em. 'Tis Liberty keeps us Loyal. And if you will rebell againſt your wicked Mother, I dare engage my Endeavours ſhall be ſucceſsful.

Sylv. Wou'd that were poſſible. (*Aſide.*

Fulv. The Contract is already ſign'd: And to Night the Man is expected with the Writings executed on the Uncles part; and will be finiſh'd by the old Lady as ſoon as brought, you may be ſure. So there's no likelihood of ſucceeding, if my Couſin were willing, Captain.

Sylv. 'Tis but too true indeed, Sir. (*Sighs.*

Capt. Madam, if you will give me leave, I'll try a Stratagem.

Sylv. Nay, Sir *Giddy* is not very forward; or at leaſt ſeems every Viſit more cold than other.

Fulv. I have read a little of that too in the Stars, and ſuſpect him inclining to be in Love ſomewhere elſe.

Capt. So much the better. I'll take my leave: And ſince hitherto this Day has been the luckieſt of my Life, I can't but draw a happy Augury for the Evening too. Ladies, adieu. (*Exit* Capt.

Fulv. This will be a Day of Wonders, I believe.

Sylv. Nothing can be unwelcome to me, that puts by this Match.

Fulv.

Fulv. 'Tis but one ſcolding bout, and all will be over.

Sylv. An unkind Parent is not ſo intollerable, as an unkind Husband.

Fulv. We muſt truſt Fate, and hope the beſt.
For doubtleſs Providence will ſtill befriend
Thoſe Actions which to Honour only tend. (*Exeunt*

Enter Fulvia *and* Dreſſwel.

Fulv. Hitherto Fortune's on our ſide; and if we cou'd but once deſtroy that devilliſh Contract I ſhou'd be happy.

Dreſſ. The old Lady is upon Thorns till the Meſſenger returns.

Fulv. If the Fellow were but rob'd of the Writings by the way.

Dreſſ. That wou'd not be very material: Something deeper muſt be contriv'd, or we are all loſt. Here he comes; but he is uncapable of Counſel.

Enter Sir Giddy. *Forgets to take off his Hat. Goes up to ſalute her; and beats her Head off with his Hat.*

Sir Giddy. Madam, your Ladyſhips muſt humble Servant: with your permiſſion. (*Salutes her.*

Dreſſ. You forget your ſelf, Sir *Giddy.*

Sir Giddy. Why mayn't I kiſs the Lady if ſhe'll let me.

Fulv. Doubtleſs. But your Hat has ſpoil'd my Head. (*ſetting it right*

Sir Giddy. Oh, I beg your Pardon, Madam: But Love, as it hides a great many Faults, ſo it makes us commit a great many more: But I'll be reveng'd. (*flings his Hat down.*

Fulv. I ſuppoſe your Heart was ſomewhere elſe; and don't wonder at it neither.

Sir Giddy. My Heart is at your Feet, Madam.

Fulv. Your Hat I ſee, Sir, is; ſhall I take it up for you, Sir *Giddy.* (*Stooping*

Sir Giddy. You Honour me too much. And the not daring to tell you my Mind ſooner, was as great a trouble to me, as the remembring I was not in my own Power. (*Takes it up himſelf*

Dreſſ. He begins to talk like a Man. (*aſide*)

Fulv. Indeed, Sir *Giddy*, I was ſurpris'd at your Letter, and

and only imagin'd my Name came into your Head as you were directing it. I cou'd not fancy it other than a miſtake for my Couzen.

Sir *Giddy*. My Obligation there makes me very uneaſie; and if you had but Wit enough to undo that Contract, you ſhou'd ſoon ſee----

Fulv. I can't wiſh any thing that tends to the diſadvantage of ſo near a Relation, Sir: Beſides ſhe is a very deſerving Perſon.

Sir *Giddy*. Ay, ſhe may make any Man happy; but you only can make me ſo.

Dreſſ. He has learnt ſome fine things by heart. (*Aſide.*

Fulv. If I cou'd flatter my ſelf that I was capable of contributing any thing to your Felicity, you know 'tis not in your Power: But I'm obliged to you for your Good-will.

Sir *Giddy*. Can't you put me in a way, Madam? Come, Mrs. *Dreſſwell*, can't you hatch a little Miſchief? I'll give you a pair of Gloves of five hundred Pounds.

Dreſſ. You offer very nobly, Sir: Not but that it is a knotty matter; becauſe we have ſo little time to turn our ſelves in. However, to oblige you, and ſerve Madam *Fulvia*, I will attempt ſomething.

Fulv. Sir *Giddy*, you have engag'd your ſelf in a very troubleſome Affair; I can't aſſiſt you in it, but I am in ſome meaſure falſe to my Friend: And to begin a new one at the expence of an old one, does not promiſe Succeſs.

Sir *Giddy*. I don't care; I will marry none but you.

Fulv. So far as Honour permits me to receive your Addreſſes, you ſhall be welcome, Sir *Giddy*. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Sylvia, *and* Betty, *pinning her Gown.*

Betty. Stay, good Madam, this one Pin more, and I have done.

Sylv. You are ſtrangely tedious, *Betty*.

Betty. You have no more conſideration than my Lady has. Now if the Captain was here, Madam, he'd die outright.

Sylv. The Captain! Oh, thoſe thoughts are vain.

Betty. You never look'd ſo charmingly, Madam, ſince I liv'd with you.

Sylv. My Mother is always teizing one ſo from Morning till Night, 'tis impoſſible one can have a compos'd Countenance, much leſs a chearful one.

Betty. Old Folks are always envious at Youth; and wou'd deſtroy that in others, which 'tis impoſſible for them to poſſeſs.

Sylv. I am likely to have as little advantage by being young as ever any one had.

Betty. My Lady is a ſtrange Woman indeed: But the uneaſineſs of her Juriſdiction ſhou'd make you more readily accept of milder Terms from another Monarch.

Sylv. Don't talk of it; for if I wiſh'd it, it cou'd not be.

Betty. To expect Miracles is fooliſh I allow: But to think that things will effect themſelves without our Concurrence is not much wiſer.

Sylv. Lord! what can I do? put me in a way to prevent Cenſure as well as Ruin. (*Sighs.*

Betty. A Man of Honour can't be without Merit. A Man of Senſe is a Pretenſion more. How are you expos'd by ſuch a choice? The wiſer part of the World, as well as the wicked ones, cannot but cenſure you for marrying ſo ſtrange a parcel of Fleſh and Blood only becauſe he has an Eſtate.

Sylv. Sure the World is not ſo malicious to believe I conſented to the Match. For——

Enter Lady Featly.

L. *Featly.* All the Day long at your Glaſs! you had need indeed. I wonder for my part how you can endure all thoſe Weather-cocks upon your Head. The Women in this Age ſtudy to make themſelves ridiculous.

Betty. 'Tis, Madam, as all Perſons of Quality dreſs.

L. *Feat.* Ay, ay; catch you without a Word in your Mouth and 'tis much. 'Tis ſuch young Huzzies as you that cocker up young Girls in all theſe finical fantaſtical ways; wearing out their Hair, and tanning their Necks. On my Conſcience the next Generation will go ſtark naked. (*All this while ſhe plays with her own Neck, and gives her ſelf Aires.*

Sylv.

Sylv. If you diſlike my Dreſs, Madam, it ſhall be altered. I am little ſollicitous how my Cloaths are put on.

L. *Featly.* I wou'd have you like a Chriſtian. But tie me theſe ſame trolloping things under your Chin. Keep your ſelf warm: A ſore Throat is a very dangerous Diſtemper, Child. (*She goes to her, and ties her things bunglingly under her Chin; but yet throws her own behind her.*

Betty. For one that loves talking as you do. (*Aſide.*

L. *Featly.* What, you are for the Play to night, I ſuppoſe.

Sylv. Yes, Madam, Sir *Giddy* promis'd to call us.

L. *Featly.* You muſt take leave of theſe Vanities now. Married Women have other matters to mind than theſe fooliſh Goſſippings. I ſhan't ſtay in Town, I promiſe you, after you are married.

Betty. But her Husband peradventure will not let her go down with your Ladiſhip.

L. *Featly.* Thou inceſſant Tatler, hold thy prating: Sure I know what I have articled for, and will have it perform'd, or it ſhall coſt him dear. I won't loſe my Child, tho' I diſpoſe of her. But I muſt go to my Lady *Livewell*'s to Cards. God bleſs you, Child. (*Exit.*

Betty. Thoſe that talk faſter or longer than her Ladiſhip, muſt have good Lungs indeed.

Sylv. We ſpy the ſmalleſt Faults in all Mankind;
But to the groſſeſt of our own are blind. (*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Fulvia, Sir Giddy, *and* Captain.

Fulv. I Can't reconcile my ſelf to this falſe Step you have oblig'd me to make; and fear hereafter even your own Reproach.

Sir *Giddy.* Fear nothing, Madam, I have meant enough to make you happy.

Capt. There's nothing diſhoneſt in this World, but want

of Money; and nothing disadvantageous but Integrity. A Lie is often as necessary in Conversation as an Answer.

Fulv. Some Truths are not necessary to be told, and shock us when they are.

Sir *Giddy.* But to the matter in hand----

Capt. What is that I pray, Sir *Giddy*?

Sir *Giddy.* Why I would get rid of a certain Contract. But by the bye, Sir, have you any Pretensions to this Lady, Sir.

Capt. None but what I shall readily wave to serve her, Sir *Giddy.*

Fulv. Sir *Giddy*, I know nothing but Friendship between the Captain and me.

Sir *Giddy.* Now, Sir, my Uncle has contracted me to Madam *Sylvia*, and I happen to be in love with this Lady: If you will resign this Lady to me, I will make over my Pretensions to the other Lady to you, Sir. She has Fortune enongh of her own to make a Gentleman very easie. But for me, Sir----

Capt. Ay, Sir, you are too considerable a Party for them to let slip through their Fingers now they have you fast.

Fulv. My Lady knew what she did well enough, and is not come to Town to be baffled.

Sir *Giddy.* But I would have her be baffled. A Word with you. My greatest intent in this is your Service, and to assure you of my Friendship and Value. (*Takes the Captain aside instead of* Fulvia.

Capt. Sir *Giddy*, I am extreamly oblig'd to you.

Sir *Giddy.* Don't talk of Obligations.

Capt. I shall wait an Opportunity to return it.

Sir *Giddy.* Your Good-will is all the return I desire.

Capt. That I assure you you shall ever command.

Sir *Giddy.* Complements apart------- The surest way to spoil the Contract, is to be married to night.

Capt. You say very well, Sir: It can cost but a Law-Suit, let the worst come to the worst. Who wou'd baulk his Felicity for a Bill in *Chancery*?

Sir *Giddy.* Tho' the Practice of the Law is a great Cheat too.

Capt.

Capt. But the Woman you love, Sir---

Sir *Giddy.* You ſay right--- No more of that now. The Captain will wonder we are ſo long in particular. (*Goes to* Fulvia, *and thinks it Captain* Smart.

Capt. This is pretty and odd indeed.

Sir *Giddy.* I heartily beg your Pardon, Captain: I had ſome ſmall Matters come into my Head, and was unwilling to loſe the Opportunity; for my Memory is ſomewhat ſhallow, Captain.

Fulv. Sir *Giddy*, It is me you are talking to: What are you thinking on? (*Pulls him out of his Study.*

Sir *Giddy.* How come I to miſtake thus? I muſt beg the Captain's Pardon for leaving him ſo long alone.

Fulv. You are but juſt come from him, Sir. You rave.

Sir *Giddy.* It may be ſo. Men in love are often beſides themſelves. Come, Madam, I'll wait on you to the Coach.

Fulv. I am not going out, Sir *Giddy.*

Sir *Giddy.* You force an Inconvenience upon your ſelf, Madam, out of Complaiſance to me, and in Civility I can't ſuffer it.

Fulv. Pray, Sir---

Sir *Giddy.* Indeed, Madam, I will wait on you out. (*Forces her Hand, and leads her.*

Capt. Well, Sir *Giddy*, I am your humble Servant.

Sir *Giddy.* I did not think you were there. Madam, I ask your Pardon. I have ſome particular Buſineſs with that Gentleman. (*Leaves her in the middle, and goes to* Captain Smart.

Fulv. You are Maſter of your ſelf, Sir. (*Exit.*

Sir *Giddy.* If this ſame Uncle of mine is dead, I ſhall have about three thouſand Pounds a Year: So, do you obſerve me, Captain, I don't care one Farthing for a Fortune: I have enough of my own.

Capt. If they ſue you upon the Contract, they can recover but half your Wife's Fortune.

Sir *Giddy.* Say you me ſo, noble Captain; then I will out-wit 'em all I-feckens: For I'll marry her without a Groat before the Meſſenger comes. What think you of that, my Lad?

Capt.

Capt. That's a Trick to cheat the Devil indeed.

Sir *Giddy.* And I'll go about it immediately.

Capt. But remember your Act of Reſignation, Sir *Giddy.*

Sir *Giddy.* You ſhall have it by and by, Captain. Ods me, I won't do things by halves.

Capt. I'll be ſure to call upon you.

Sir *Giddy.* Do, do. *(Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Alderman *and* Julia.

Alder. What Succeſs had you, Couſin.

Julia. I have ſtaggered her a little. But ſhe hopes all for the beſt, ſhe ſays: And at worſt, 'tis but parting.

Alder. It were better never join, than be forc'd to part. But ſhe is no ways ſuſpicious of any thing, is ſhe?

Julia. Not in the leaſt. And that ſhe might not be fidling about the Houſe, I toſt ſome ſmall matter to her, and ſhe is as well pleas'd. She's ſure ſhe ſhall have very good luck to day.

Alder. Well, Child, I'll make all that up to you again. Be upon your Guard; and let not a Soul come into the Houſe but what you know acts in concert with us.

Julia. I'll warrant for my diligence, Sir.

Alder. I muſt ſee how the other Engines work. We muſt not be weary of ſerving our Friends; Occaſions are not always fair.

Julia. Nay, it is better never to begin, than not go thro'.

Alder. Right, right. But I muſt be gone. *(Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Dreſſing-Room.

Enter Sir Giddy *without a Wigg, and* John.

Sir *Giddy.* Thou art the ſaddeſt Raſcal that ever was born. I have ſent a dozen Porters after you, and cou'd not light on you,

John. That may very well be, Sir: For you ſent me twenty ſeveral ways at once.

Sir *Giddy.* And you have been at none of 'em.

John. Yes I have tho'. Your new Horſes, Sir, are foun-der'd: The black Gelding ſpoil'd: The Crop lame:

Your

Your Pad blind: All your Hunters have Colds: And your Setting-dog ſtole. But I am of opinion, Sir, your Farrier is a Rogue.

Sir *Giddy*. What, he don't make you drunk.

John. You take care of that, Sir: For I never have ſpare time enough to refreſh Nature; much leſs to wind her up to a Cue.

Sir *Giddy*. What ſaid the Lawyer? Is the Coach painted? Was the Taylor at home? Is my Wigg ready? Are my Boots done? and all my Hunting-Saddles in order?

John. And you think all theſe things may be as ſoon anſwer'd as ask'd. I muſt have Breath, Sir, I have had a hard Journey of it.

Sir *Giddy*. Don't tell me of a hard Journey: Is there no difference but paying Wages between Servants and no Servants. I'll make you know I am your Maſter, Sirrah?

John. Sir I am not to learn that Leſſon now; you have taught me that long ago.

Sir *Giddy*. Am not I a good Maſter to you?

John. Good Maſters make good Servants; but good Servants can't always make good Maſters.

Sir *Giddy*. And is this all you have done to Day?

John. No, Sir: Here is your Snuff and your Watch.

Sir *Giddy*. He has had it long enough to make it go, if ever it will. Zounds, you Dog, you have poiſon'd me and choak'd me. (*coughs.*) (*Takes Snuff with the ſame hand the Watch was in, and throws both away together.*

John. You had need complain of your Watch-maker, and ſend me every day, three or four times, to ſee if it were done. It goes very well now, Sir, admirably well.

Sir *Giddy*. I never thought of the Watch. But how come you to bring naſty ſtinking Perfume Snuff?

John. I ask'd for the beſt; and they gave me this: And I thought it the beſt by the price of it; which is the way moſt Gentlemen judge of things.

Sir *Giddy*. Go, get me ſome *Portugueze*; ſuch as I us'd to have. Make haſte, and carry this Letter you no where: but

but I muſt direct it firſt. (*Writes whilſt he takes up the Watch.*

John. To Madam *Sylvia*, I ſuppoſe.

Sir *Giddy.* You'll ſee by the Directions. There---

John. To Madam *Sylvia* you mean.

Sir *Giddy.* Go, I ſay, where I bid you, Sirrah.

John. But you don't bid me go any where.

Sir *Giddy.* Can't you read, you Booby?

John. Yes, Sir. But the Watch.

Sir *Giddy.* Hang the Watch: You may keep it your ſelf; I'll be plagu'd with no more of 'em. What do's the Raſcal ſtay for? (*Exit* John.

Enter Sylvia *and* Betty, *and ſtand behind him.*

Well, I am pleas'd with the thoughts how I ſhall diſappoint the old Lady. I'll be none of their Bubbles, not I. The Woman is well enough; but I believe ſhe's a Jilt at bottom.

Sylv. That's mighty kind. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Giddy.* And that Mrs. *Betty*, her Maid: I don't care ſuch Vermine ſhou'd come into my Houſe. She'd ſell us both for half a Piece. She looks like a Bawd.

Betty. We ſhall pay for our peeping, Madam. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Giddy.* I'd as ſoon take a Wife from the Stews, as from the management of ſuch a Servant. She'll bring young Fellows into my Family, and call 'em her Couſins: But I am none of thoſe Fools neither. Umph---

(*He is thoughtful.*

Sylv. Your Character is in Capital Letters. (*Aſide.*

Betty. He flatters neither, Madam. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Giddy.* 'Twas a miſtake as to the Watch, I own it; but the Dog has it for his pains: And if he bring me but good news from *Fulvia*, my Loſs is eaſie.

Sylv. What news is that from *Fulvia*? (*Aſide.*

Betty. This is intollerable. What, ſlighted in your own hearing! (*Aloud.*

Sir *Giddy.* (*Startles.*) What's that my evil Genius whiſpers in my Ears! If I am ſlighted, I am but unhappy. To marry one I hate, is ten thouſand Hells at once. No, let *Sylvia* know, I ſcorn, abominate, and contemn her, as much

much as *Fulvia* can ſlight me. (*Walks about haſtily.*

Betty. This is not obliging, Madam. (*Aſide.*

Sylv. 'Tis not very tender indeed. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Giddy.* This curſed Contract ſticks in my Stomach. If it were not for that, I might be happy ſtill.

Sylv. I wiſh it ſtuck in your Throat. (*Aſide.*

Bett. The Captain wou'd not take it out, I believe. (*Laughing.*

(*Coming to himſelf, runs to meet the Captain, and joſtles* Betty.

Sir *Giddy.* Who's that? my Captain! my dear Friend, to whom I have reſigned Rights and Titles, Claims and Pretenſions. Oh me! this fooliſh invention of Bed-poſts. (*goes out.*

Betty. They us'd to ſay, that Love makes a Fool of a Wiſe-man, and a Wiſe-man of a Fool; what ſort of Creature then is this?

Sylv. 'Tis a pity he is not in *Turkey*, where they have a Veneration for Fools: For he is one of the firſt Rate.

Re-enter Sir Giddy.

Sir *Giddy.* Is it you, Madam *Sylvia?* How came I by this Honour?

Sylv. A piece of Juſtice to my ſelf, as well as a Debt to your Civilities.

Sir *Giddy.* It never lay in my power to oblige you, Madam.

Betty. Nor much in your Will neither, Sir.

Sylv. To deal plainly with one is a piece of Service.

Sir Giddy. I am always glad of an opportunity of obliging you, Madam.

Sylv. 'Twas an obligation indeed, Sir *Giddy*, to declare before my Face, that I was a Jilt; and you wou'd not be bubbled.

Sir *Giddy.* You ſurprize me, Madam, extreamly.

Sylv. I repeat but your own Words, Sir.

Sir Giddy. Pray, Mrs. *Betty*, ſtand my Friend: You us'd to intercede for me.

Betty. Therefore now you won't admit me into your Houſe. Iam a Bawd, and wou'd ſell you both for half a Piece.

Sir *Giddy*. What Devil reigns to day? Every body is bewitched, I believe.

Betty. No, Sir, you wou'd ſooner take a Wife from the Stews, than from the management of ſuch a Servant.

Sylv. All this is true, Sir, and I am witneſs of it.

Betty. Nay more; that I wou'd bring young Fellows into your Family, and pretend they were my Couſins.

Sylv. Your own very Words, Sir.

Sir Giddy. You confound me indeed.

Sylv. Nay, that you did not value the breaking your Watch, if your Man brought you good news from *Fulvia*.

Sir Giddy. How, Madam, I not value you, that am ſo near marrying you!

Sylv. Yes, Sir, but the curſed Contract ſticks in your Stomach; otherwiſe you might be happy.

Sir Giddy. You are pleas'd to tempt my Patience, Madam.

Betty. And you my Lady's, Sir.; to tell her to her Face, you ſcorn'd and abominated her, as much as Mrs. *Fulvia* did you; and that was your ſweet Conſolation.

Sir *Giddy*. This is ſome drunken Invention of my Raſcal; but his Bones ſhall pay for it.

Sylv. You may diſpoſe of your Servant as you pleaſe, Sir *Giddy*: I wiſh I cou'd ſay as much of your ſelf too: I ſhou'd eaſily pardon theſe Injuries upon thoſe Terms.

Betty. Your Bawd, Sir, thanks you for your Character.

(*Exeunt*.

Sir *Giddy*. But, Ladies----- This plaguy Love fills ones Brains with ſo many ſtrange things, that one knows not what one does or ſays. (*Beating his Forehead.*) Have theſe Walls Ears? No: 'Tis my Raſcal has betray'd me. But he ſhall ſuffer as ſoundly for it, I aſſure him.

Enter Captain Smart.

Oh! Mr. Villain, what, are you come at laſt? I ſhall be even with you. What, betray me. (*Takes it to be his Man: Hunts for a Cane, at laſt catches up the Bar of the Window.*

Capt. I don't underſtand you, Sir.

Sir *Gid.* You underſtand nothing, I know that well enough: But I'll make you ſenſible, Mr. Raſcal. Betray me to *Sylvia*, you Dog you.

Capt. Nay, Sir, this is beyond the Friendſhip you offered: And theſe inſults cancel all Obligations.

Sir *Gid.* Cancel! Ay, I'll teach you to tell her I deſign'd to cancel the Contract.

Capt. Your Madneſs goes too far, Sir.

Sir *Giddy.* Such as you are wou'd make any Man mad. Betray'd! What betray'd by thoſe that ought, at leaſt, to keep my Councils! I'll daſh your Brains out, you Dog you. *(Coming up to him.*

Capt. If you are for that ſport, 'tis time to look to my ſelf. *(Draws.*

Sir *Gid.* How, Mr. *John*, a Sword! *(Startles.)* Who allows you that? I am not afraid of Bailiffs, that my Servants need go arm'd.

Capt. He is in one of his Freaks now; and if I kill him, I ſhall be hang'd: Then my Fortune is made indeed; but very ſcurvily after this Proſpect. Sir *Giddy*, come to your ſelf Man. What diſturbs your Mind? Don't you know your Friend *Smart?* *(Shakes him.*

Sir *Giddy.* Ay, where is he?

Capt. Here, here, at your Elbow, Sir *Giddy*. I come for the Inſtrument about our Affair.

Sir *Giddy.* Oh my worthy Man of War! I am happy I fell into ſo good Hands. *Sylvia* was here juſt now, and knows all our Deſigns.

Capt. Well, no matter for that, dear Sir.

Sir *Gid.* How! no matter, ſay you? She'll tell her Mother: And then, let me tell you, you are more fruſtrated than I.

Capt. Have a little Patience, Sir *Giddy*, we'll endeavour to heal up this Breach. Do but compoſe your ſelf.

Sir *Giddy.* I confide in your Goodneſs and Conduct, Sir: And go about a little of our common Concerns. I ask your pardon for my Rudeneſs.

Capt. 'Tis the intention makes it an Affront:
I know, if ſober, you wou'd ne're have don't.
My pardon therefore, Sir, is doubly due.
Love makes us blind, and ſo do's Paſſion too. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Alderman *and* Fulvia.

Ald. Let me alone for that matter.

Fulv. Sir, I rely upon your Directions; and cannot believe you will ever adviſe me to any thing, but what in ſome meaſure may be my Delight, as well as my Duty to obey you in.

Ald. I muſt make your Fortune, Child.

Fulv. I never doubted your care, Sir; and have found a real Father in your Friendſhip.

Ald. But your Advantage is link'd with your Couſin *Smart's*; ſo you muſt befriend him to ſerve your ſelf.

Fulv. I am ready to ſerve my Couſin, without an Eye to any other thing than acquitting part of my Duty to you, Sir.

Ald. Away, away, Child: in ſhort, I deſign to have them married to night; they go to the Play with that deſign.

Fulv. But the Contract ſupercedes your care: And my Lady is ſo violent a Woman, there'll be no dealing with her.

Ald. She'll go out of my Houſe in a Paſſion, lie at an Inn; and the next day to the Country.

Fulv. For that matter a fair riddance; the ſooner the better.

Alder. I had not ſuffer'd her in my Family, to tell you the Truth, nor the Knight her Tool, but had a double deſign to diſappoint her in both.

Fulv. You have your Reaſons, I don't queſtion. But won't it look ill in the Eye of the World.

Alder. Ashow, Child?

Fulv. 'Twill be conſtru'd a Breach of Truſt, and a Violation of the Laws of Hoſpitality.

Alder. That's nothing at all. Gold is a ſovereign Cordial againſt the Venom of ill Tongues.

Fulv.

Fulv. But are we ſure of my Couſin *Sylvia*'s Concurrence, that we may be ſure ſhe won't be refractory when matters are brought to bear?

Ald. That muſt be done by all your Advices, and Couſin *Smart*'s management. She muſt be follow'd cloſe, and preſſed home. If ſhe capitulates, ſhe'll ſurrender. You muſt----

Enter Lady Featly.

manage this Tack a little. (*Going to L.* Featly.) Dear Siſter, I am glad to ſee you: You are ſo ſeldom in Town, that you are almoſt worried when you do come.

L. *Feat.* I was at my Lady *Livewell*'s to play at Cards, but was miſtaken in the Hour; they were none of 'em at home: But they left word they ſhou'd be back again in leſs than half an hour. So I came home, Brother, to chat a little with the Family, rather than ſtay there by my ſelf.

Alder. 'Twas kindly done of you, Siſter, to let us have as much of your good Company, as conveniently you may. I ſuppoſe when the grand Affair is done, you will be very impatient till you are at your Seat again.

Ful. There is nothing in this Town can tempt the Ladies of the Country to be long from their ſweet Retirements.

L. *Featly.* Alas, I am quite dead with the dinn and the noiſe of the Coaches. I am ſtifled at Church with Perfumes, at the Play-Houſe with Powder, and with Duſt in the Park. If theſe are your Felicities, I envy you none of 'em upon my Word.

Alder. Well, dear Siſter, I muſt beg your Pardon; the two Companies have a meeting to Day, and it is high time I was there. (*Exit*

L. *Featly.* Nay I ſhan't tarry long: For my time is pretty near ſpent now: however, Couſin, for a little chat. Don't my Daughter's Marriage give you ſome deſires that way: hold up thy Head Girl; one Wedding begets another you know.

Fulv. Matrimony is a State of Life I find no Inclination to, Madam; and the leſs for her ſake.

L. *Featly.* How! a Gentleman of three thouſand Pounds

Pounds a Year, Girl. What do you mean? Husbands don't grow like Hops, Couſin.

Fulv. If they did, they might hang long enough before I wou'd gather 'em. Beſides, with your Ladyſhips leave, Sir *Giddy* is a moſt egregious Fool.

L. *Featly.* No matter, Child no matter: She'll govern him the better.

Fulv. She wants one more likely to govern her ſelf. Then he's a ſad Drunkard. Nay, I believe, he owes great part of his want of Senſe to his continual exceſs of Wine.

L. *Fealty.* He may be brought off that: but he has three thouſand a Year Girl. Wou'd not that make one overlook ſmall inconveniences of Nature?

Fulv. I can't be poſitive whether it wou'd or not, my Lady; but a prudent well-bred Gentleman, a Man of Senſe and Good-Humour. I cou'd bate ſomething of the Eſtate upon thoſe Terms.

L. *Featly.* We can't cut out Husbands to our Minds; we muſt take them as they are: All Conveniences can't be expected. Therefore bate any thing but in the Eſtate.

Fulv. He is not only a Fool when he is Sober, my Lady, but he is down right a Madman when he is Drunk.

L. *Featly.* Then you have your Coach and ſix, and all your Neighbours to divert you while he is tipling.

Fulv. None of theſe gaudy outſides of Felicity can make amends or an inward Diſcontent.

L. *Featly.* We muſt hope the beſt, and do what we think moſt reaſonable, Child.

Fulv. Marrying with no other proſpect of Felicity but an Eſtate, is not uſing all our Reaſon, Madam: and then your hopes of Happineſs has but a feeble Foundation. Their ruin lyes at your Door; they'll both of them curſe you for every uneaſy Minute. Love covers a Multitude of Faults: But great Fortunes without Affection only fann the Miſunderſtandings between Man and Wife, and make the Breaches wider.

L. *Featly.* It may be ſo now a-days, Child. But time ſlips away ſtrangely. I'll go to my Lady's: If any thing happens you'll ſend for me.

Fulv. I ſhall neglect nothing that tends to your Ladyſhip's Intereſt or Pleaſure.

L. *Featly.* Well, Niece, adieu.

Fulv. I'll ſee your Ladyſhip to your Coach. (*Exeunt*

Enter Slye *and* Betty.

Slye. Fellow Labourer, how ſtands matters in your Appartment?

Betty. In good poſture enough, I believe: If your Induſtry anſwers our wiſhes, things will be ſoon over.

Slye. But it will make a hot Houſe, I fancy.

Betty. If it prove too hot for the old Lady, it will be the cooler for us, I'll warrant you. What need we trouble our Heads about that?

Slye. Nay that part of the Buſineſs is none of ours. And for the joint Intereſt of our Friends, we may ſuffer a little Hurly-Burly, or ſo.

Betty. Nay, it may haſten the old Lady's days, who knows? Some Body will be the better for her then beſides the Worms.

Slye. She has found out the ſecret of displeaſing every Body.

Betty. Ay, even her own ſelf; and lives a Plague to all Mandkind, whom either buſineſs or accident bring near her.

Slye. But as to the young Lady.

Betty. Your Maſter muſt work her to a pitch.

Slye. But do's ſhe ſeem pleas'd with our Endeavours?

Betty. Conſidering the ſhortneſs of her warning ſhe comes finely on.

Slye. I am glad to hear of that however.

Betty. We ſhall fare the better for it ſome time at leaſt: Let them agree hereafter as they can.

Tho' a good Union between Man and Wife
Sweetens the bittereſt draught of Humane Life.

(*Exeunt*

ACT

ACT V.

Enter Captain Smart, *and* Sir Giddy.

Capt. SInce you deſign us the Honour of coming into our Family, Sir *Giddy*, it is no great matter at which Door, I think.

Sir *Giddy.* I do intend you that Honour, Sir, and that ſame way I was ſpeaking of before, and as ſudden as may be. I don't love delays, not I, Sir.

Capt. But you forget your promiſe, Sir, of the Releaſe.

Sir. *Giddy.* Right Sir: You ſhall have it immediately. Who's without there? Bring me a Pen and Ink. (*calls.*

Capt. Men of Honour are always as good as their Word, Sir.

Enter John *with Ink.*

Sir *Giddy.* I never meant otherwiſe, Captain. What's the matter with theſe Pens, they are bewitch'd, I believe; none of 'em will caſt. (*He miſtakes the Sandiſh for the Inkhorn; tries ſeveral times.*

John. How ſhould you write, Sir, you dip your Pen in the Sand, and not in the Ink?

Sir *Giddy.* Miſtakes will be. (*writes*

Capt. You are happy in a Maſter.

John. Not ſo happy as he is in a Servant, Sir; for few Men wou'd bear with his Humours beſides my ſelf. But I knew him a Child.

Capt. And when ſhall you know him otherwiſe, Friend?

John. Never while he lives, Captain; but we muſt bear with one another.

Capt. But is he really in Love?

John. Something thereabouts, I believe: And 'tis the moſt pardonable excuſe, Sir, for all his Extravagancies.

Capt. His Wife is likely to have a bleſſed time with him.

John.

John. She'll have a great part of her time to her ſelf, Sir : For he rides or drinks all the day long ; is aſleep before Supper is done, and on Horſeback again in the morning before he is well awake.

Sir *Giddy.* Captain, if you pleaſe to peruſe it. (*Coming from the Table.*

Capt. (*reads it.*) Very well, Sir. I am extreamly oblig'd to you for it.

Sir *Giddy.* Let's dry it. (*Throws the Ink on it inſtead of the Sand : But there not being much, only a drop or two falls ; which he licks off.*

Capt. Od's me, what are you doing ? That's the Ink, Sir.

John. One wou'd think him King of *Spain* by his way of writing. (*Aſide.*

Sir *Giddy.* This Raſcally Blockhead of mine always gives me things wrong. But ſtay, it will do now, Sir.

Capt. 'Tis authentick enough to juſtifie my Claim, and excuſe the Lady.

Sir *Giddy.* I intended it for your Service, Sir.

Capt. Sir *Giddy*, I kiſs your Hands, and take my leave. (*Exit.*

John. Shall we never have any hopes of your coming to your ſelf again, Sir?

Sir *Giddy.* What do's the Raſcal mean ? Am not I my ſelf again ? The Contract is made void.

John. I don't ſpeak of your marrying, Sir : But you do every thing to day by the contraries : You take Sand for Ink, and Ink for Sand : You take every thing by the wrong Handle.

Sir *Giddy.* I won't do always ſo, Sirrah : For ſee, this is the right end of the Cane. (*Beats him.*

John. Indeed, Sir, that is the wrong end.

Sir *Giddy.* Then I'll take the right. (*Takes the other end of the Cane.*

John. That's the wrong too, Sir ; indeed it is.

Sir *Giddy.* What ! is neither the right end of the Cane?

John. No, Sir, not in a wrong Cauſe.

Sir *Giddy*. When we are try'd by our ſelves, we are always innocent. But, Sirrah, what did you do with the Letter?

John. I carried it where it was directed, Sir.

Sir *Giddy*. Well---

John. Not well at all, Sir; for they kickt me out of the Houſe; and told me I ſhou'd be pump'd if ever I brought ſuch another Meſſage: And that you was a baſe, pitiful, ſcoundrel Fellow; and they wou'd have no more to do with you.

Sir *Giddy*. What! Cou'd Mrs. *Fulvia* be ſo ungrateful to me?

John. Ay, Sir, I thought where your Wits had carried you. The Letter was to Mrs. *Sylvia*, ſo it was.

Sir *Giddy*. Good Lad, be pacify'd now: I was in the wrong, and am undone if you don't help me out.

John. Humane Wit can't bring you out ſo faſt as you over-ſee, Sir: I'm beaten on both ſides; expos'd to the Cenſure of my Neighbours, as if I were a Knave or a Fool.

Sir *Giddy*. Prithee don't be angry; here's ſomething to make the amends. (*gives him Money.*

John. Your Cane is always about my Ears: and whatſoever I contrive to ſave your Credit, your miſmanagement ſpoils all in a Moment, Sir.

Sir *Giddy*. Prithee be quiet, Man.

John. But the reflection is all caſt upon me, Sir, as if I were not capable of doing buſineſs.

Sir *Giddy*. Come, have done, get the Coach: I muſt fetch 'em from the Play. (*Exit*

John. You may happen to loſe your labour. (*Exit.*

Enter Alderman *and* Fulvia.

Alder. How manag'd you my Siſter, Child.

Fulv. She talkt to me about the Wedding; and I told her, Sir, what little hopes there was of my Couſin's being happy with a Brute, a Drunkard, a Sot, a Fool, and an ill principled Fellow: none of his Servants lov'd him.

Alder. Bravely manag'd, Girl.

Fulv.

Fulv. Nay more; he was the common May-game of the Country; follow'd only for his Cellars; and never lookt on by Gentlemen, but juſt before an Election.

Alder. Very well.

Fulv. That thoſe few that were about him, ſuffer'd him out of a Habit, as People live on *London*-Bridge.

Alder. Well, what ſaid ſhe? I lack to find her Pulſe.

Fulv. She ſtill urg'd the Conveniency of an Eſtate; and I the Miſeries of a bad Match. At laſt we plung'd her about the Contract: For ſhe ſeems more inclin'd to marry her ſelf; and is concern'd ſo much Ready-money muſt go out of the Family.

Alder. Keep her in that Humour; it will make her leſs preſſing on the other hand. The Knights our own, Child, and every Foot of the Land he has.

Fulv. I had rather be excus'd, Sir, in that point. I have refus'd a great many fine Gentlemen of good Eſtates: Now ſuch a Match might call my Virtue in queſtion.

Alder. There is a fate in Marriage; we think we chuſe, but don't.

Fulv. You ſhall ſhare in my misfortunes, Sir, if I am not well us'd: Therefore I conſent, and will run the Riſque.

If 'tis decreed, we vainly wou'd withſtand;
For 'tis diſpens'd by an Almighty Hand. (*Exeunt*

Enter Sylvia *and* Betty.

Sylv. Was ever any thing ſo inſolent?

Betty. 'Tis but like the reſt of his Actions: and, Madam, you have a Reaſon to juſtifie your Revenge.

Sylv. But why ſo many Reproaches? If he did not like me, he need not abuſe me. 'Twas as much my own misfortune as his, to be ſo unequally linkt.

Betty. You were a witneſs, Madam, what he ſaid. And his ſcurrillous Language ſhews the Rancour of his Mind.

Sylv. Why ſend the Letter ſo formally to me, and by his own Man?

Betty. Something came into his Noddle, Madam: You know he is a very unaccountable Spark.

Sylv. But his Man ſaid, he ask'd him again and again, whether the Letter was for me; and he told him it was.

Betty. His Imagination was full of ſomething elſe; and he never minded what his Man ſaid to him.

Sylv. 'Twas well he only abus'd me to thoſe that knew me better than he did.

Betty. 'Tis a wicked practice, Madam, amongſt the Men, to ſcandalize the Woman they leave, to the Woman they love.

Sylv. Shou'd not that make 'em afraid in their turns, ſince they ſee how baſe the Man is?

Betty. We have too good an Opinion of our ſelves, Madam, to ſuſpect we ſhall ever loſe a Heart we are in poſſeſſion of.

Sylv. Have they no other entertainment for the Ladies they pretend to, then Scurrility and Lyes, Slandering and Backbiting?

Betty. Next to the flattery of our own Virtues, we are moſt agreeably tickled with the hearing of others Faults; and think, Madam, we Triumph while they are trampled on.

Enter Captain Smart.

But here comes our deliverer. Well, Captain, how has the matter anſwer'd your deſires?

Capt. There is but one Obſtacle, Madam, and that is your conſent. (*to* Sylvia.

Sylv. 'Tis ſo raſh an Action, Capt. I have not courage enough to undertake it.

Capt. In caſes of this extremity, Madam, we muſt be bold. The Nature of the Affair admits of no conſideration, becauſe of no delay.

Betty. You can't in Honour go back, Madam; and to ſtand ſtill, loſes time: Therefore you muſt on, Madam. You wou'd not make a Fool of the Captain, after he has taken

taken ſo much care to bring things to ſo great a probability of being happily concluded.

Sylv. But my Mother! —

Capt. Your Mother---Your Mother. We'll do well enough with your Mother. Your Uncle is your Friend in the matter: And he has an equal Right, if not ſuperiour, to your Mother, in your marrying. Her ſecond Husband will make all her Actions ſuſpicious that relate to you. Your Uncle is of our ſide, Dear Madam; we act by concert with him, and are out of the reach of your Mother's Malice. You know he has promis'd you his protection. Come, faireſt dear Lady, reſolve: One quarter of an hour will do the buſineſs, and put it out of the Power of 'em all to prevent.

Betty. Don't be timorous, Madam; an eaſie Heart and a willing Mind are lucky Omens.

Capt. Delays are dangerous: Deareſt lovely Creature, one Minute may put it out of our Power. Sir *Giddy* is ſo unſettled, that if he repent his actions, (which 'tis ten to one but he do's out of common Levity) or may be he is hector'd into complyance by my Lady.

Betty. Then he'll eat his Words, Madam, and all our meaſures are broke.

Capt. Be perſwaded, Dear Madam. We have hitherto happily buſtled through a boiſterous Sea: we have weather'd the point; don't let us periſh in the Haven.

Sylv. I know not what to do, Sir.

Capt. I ll ſhew you deareſt charming lovely Creature.

(Hugs her and leads her out.

Betty. 'Tis now an i'll tim'd modeſty to move
So very ſlowly to the thing you Love. *(Exit*

SCENE the Stables.

Enter Slye *and* John.

Slye. I can't undertake it ſo well as you; becauſe if my Lady ſhould ask any queſtions concerning the Neighbours

bours, or Family, I am an utter ſtranger to their very Names.

John. And my fear is, that my Maſter will betray all by laughing at me; or, it may be, in one of his Fits and Fegaries he'll forget the deſign, and call me by my Name.

Slye. The Women muſt have their Parts to act; they are as deep in the Mire as we are in the Clay: And let 'em alone, a Woman ſeldom miſſes her aim to do another a miſchief, or ſomething that looks miſchievous.

John. But if my Lady ask any queſtions, how ſhall I anſwer? She is devilliſh inquiſitive you know; and when her Tongue is raiſed, you may lay an evil Spirit in half the Time.

Slye. Paſs for one of the Neighbours only, that in the hurry and diſtraction of the Family was hired to come up with the News. And therefore can give but a lame account of Matters.

John. That will avoid many Queſtions, which otherwiſe wou'd put us to a non-plus.

Slye. Tho', I humbly conceive, her Ladiſhip will not be diſpos'd to loſe time in impertinent Queſtions if this falſe Alarum ſucceeds. You have your Story in order.

John. To a Tittle, Lad: never fear.

Slye. Well, we ſhall be too many for this old Lady, I hope.

John. Ay, ay; by Hook or by Crook.

Slye. If we meet with her at the Hedge or the Stile 'tis the ſame thing.

John. Well, happy be lucky is the Word.

Slye. And happy be lucky ſay I: for I muſt have 'tother fling at *Beſs*, Boy. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to a Parlour.

Enter Alderman, *Sir* Giddy, Fulvia.

Alder. Sir *Giddy*, you are not a little oblig'd to my Niece, for ſhe was never forward to alter her condition:

But

But hoping you wou'd be more ſettled when you were diſengag'd from a match you ſeem'd ſo averſe to, I have endeavour'd to bring you off that burthen, on the Terms we diſcours'd of before.

Sir *Giddy.* Sir, I am under obligations to the good Lady and your ſelf. (*cringes and twitters*

Fulv. Indeed, Uncle, it is ſo ſudden an alteration, that I can hardly be poſitive whether it be a Reality or a Farce.

Alder. I hope your Happineſs will prove as much greater than you expect, Niece, as the alteration is more ſudden than you thought.

Sir *Giddy.* I am ſure I hope ſo to; and with all my Heart, or may my Supper never go through me.

Alder. Your Felicity cannot but be mutual, and therefore muſt be equally both your care.

Fulv. My Duty ſhall not be wanting, Sir.

Sir *Giddy.* Nor my Affection, Madam: For tho' you might have had a Man with more Senſe; you cou'd not have one with more Love.

Fulv. I ſhall never wiſh an opportunity to diſprove you, Sir *Giddy.*

Alder. I don't believe, Child, he will ever give you one. But prepare for a ſtorm; here's my Siſter.

Enter Lady Featly *in a Paſſion.*

Sir *Giddy.* I don't care for her Huffs nor her Puffs.

Fulv. We'll manage her well enough.

L. *Featly.* Pray, Brother, do me juſtice; that ſame inſolent Fellow there, has abus'd me, and call'd me a Madwoman, a very Lunatick, an Antick; what know I Brother? He ſwears all our Family are diſtracted. Now you are one of the Family, and muſt right your ſelf. I am ſure I am no more mad than he is. He has beſpatter'd me, and revil'd me and my poor Child, that he has, ſo he has. And my Child, you know, Brother, is as innocent a Child as any is at all, and a good condition'd Child, and a dutyful Child, and all that, Brother.

[*Sir* Giddy, *and* Fulvia *walks aſide while they're talking.*]

Alder.

Alder. Why, Sister, I am hugely concern'd at this: Sir *Giddy* is a stranger to me: 'twas your own desire that he might have the freedom of my House. I made no question but you had your Reasons for it. I know he drinks sometimes; it may be he was a little overtaken, Sister. In short, I suppose he was fuddled.

L. *Featly.* Suppose me no suppoſes, Brother, and fuddle me no fuddles: must I and my poor Child be affronted because he is a Sot and a Beast. Yes, Sir, I say you are a Fool and a Blockhead, and a sorry Fellow to meddle your self with me or mine. (*To Sir* Giddy.

Sir *Giddy.* some what sorry indeed, that I am forc'd to be so nearly ally'd to you, Madam. I wish——

L. *Featly.* So do I too with all my Heart, Sir; and woe is me the day, that I sign'd that curſed Contract with your Uncle between my poor Child and you, Sir. (*cries.*) I am sure I wou'd give 500 good Pounds immediately that it were undone, so I wou'd. (*wipes her Eyes.*

Sir *Giddy.* Madam, to let you see I will do the fair thing by you, as a Gentleman, if the Alderman here will be bound with you for the Money, I will release you and your Daughter. Take me now I am in the Humour.

L. *Featly.* Oh Lord! Sir, there is no occasion for Bonds and Securities. I have Bills enough by me, or cou'd not have paid you 10000 *l.* to morrow, if my poor Child had been so unfortunate.

Sir *Giddy.* Pray don't provoke me, Madam.

L. *Feat.* Oh! Sir, I'll fetch the Money. (*Exit running.*

Fulv. It works apace. (*Sir* Giddy *langhs*

Alder. Keep your countenance, Sir.

Fulv. Here is 500*l.* clear gains.

Sir *Giddy.* Who was it that told her all these abominable Lyes?

Fulv. Stratagems of War, Sir. We knew her peevish fretful Temper well enough; and that she would part with any thing to have her revenge, as she thinks it.

Sir *Giddy.* The Captain is at bottom of this, I suppose.

Fulv. We are all hands aloft: every one do's his utmoſt to prevent its miſſing.

Alder. But we have another Scene of Mirth yet, which ſhe little thinks on, to back this. Let us withdraw to make room for't: beſides, her apprehenſion of loſing this opportunity will make her more eager of the Bait.

Sir *Giddy.* Oh! this is pure. (*Laughs.*

Alder. Pray, Sir, contain your ſelf a little; we ſhall have matters enough of Mirth in a very little while.

(*Sir* Giddy *laughs again.*

Fulv. Pray, Sir *Giddy*, be rul'd.

Sir *Giddy.* I have done, my Dear. (*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady in haſte.

L. *Feat.* Oh, where are they all gone? a Dickens take this Wench for miſlaying my Keys: If I loſe this opportunity, I ſhall never have ſuch another. Sure this is the luckieſt day of my Life. (*walking to and fro.*

Enter Meſſenger.

Who do you lack Friend? Oh me! (*ſees his Boots dirty.*) this is the Man with the Writings.

Meſſ. An'it like your Honour, I would ſpeak with my good Lady *Featly.*

L. *Featly.* Oh! It is he; what ſhall I do? (*aſide*) What doſt want with her, friend? I am ſhe; ſpeak, I am in haſte, Man.

Meſſ. I came from Sir *Thomas Sparepenny*, Madam.

L. *Featly.* And how do's he do Friend? have you no Letters from him?

Meſſen. He's well, I hope, Madam: but has not been able to write of ſome time.

L. *Featly.* Why, what's the matter with him?

Meſſen. Why one, Sir *Francis Gripewell*, his Banker, wrote him word how extravagant his Nephew Sir *Giddy* was; and that he kept ſad Company, and was likely to be ruin'd: Nay, and grew worſe and worſe. So he took it ſo much to heart, he kill'd himſelf with mere grief and vexation.

L. *Featly.* Oh me! and what did he leave him? He made a Will, I ſuppoſe, friend?

Meſſen. Not one croſs, by the Lord *Harry*, Madam.

L. *Feat.* How! not a Croſs, ſay you? what has he done with it then?

Meſſen. He has given one Madam *Sylvia* 2000*l.* to make her amends; and the reſt he has all given to *Greenwich* Hoſpital, Madam.

L. *Featly.* Here is ſomething to defray thy Charges, honeſt Man. (*gives him Money.*) Pray tell no Body your buſineſs till I ſend for you. You ſhall go down again with me. That's the way to the Kitchen.

Meſſen. I will be ſure, Madam. God bleſs you.

L. *Featly.* This is better and better, I proteſt. Well, this is a lucky Hit as cou'd happen. If they knew this they wou'd hold me to the Contract, and then my Child wou'd be quite undone. Who is without there? Where are you, Brother? (*goes to the door.*

Enter Alderman *and* Fulvia.

Oh! what have you done with Sir *Giddy*?

Alder. We have been ſending for ſome Stamps for the Releaſes.

L. *Featly.* Very well thought on indeed: but Sir *Giddy*.

Fulv. Why, Sir *Giddy* is wavering.

L. *Featly.* Oh me! what falcify his Word!

Enter Sir Giddy.

Come, Sir *Giddy*, you are a Man of Honour, here are my Bills.

Sir *Giddy.* How know I that they are good Bills? Beſides, Madam----- (*walks about.*

L. *Featly* (*aſide*) He ſuſpects ſomething, I am afraid: Theſe Country Boobies can't keep Counſel. Oh! I am undone. (*walking from him.*

Sir *Giddy.* Are the Bills good, *Alderman*?

L. *Featly.* (*aſide.*) He is coming to, I hope. Oh, Sir *Giddy*, pray ſhew my good Brother the Bills; I am ſure they are very good, Sir, indeed, Sir. (*Curteſying to him to wheedle him.*

Fulv. My Lady would ſcorn any ſuch thing, Sir.

L. *Featly.* Ay marry, ſhou'd I, good Couſin.

Ald. They are all good, Sir *Giddy.* (*Giving the Bills back.*

Sir *Giddy.* Where are the Inſtruments?

L. *Featly.* I thought you had 'em, Brother.

Alder. They are in my Cloſet, Couſin. Will you be ſo kind to fetch 'em; and the Pen and Ink, with a Candle.

Fulv. Any thing to ſerve my good Lady. (*Exit.*

L. *Featly.* You were ever obliging to me and mine, indeed, Couſin. You are very happy in theſe young Gentlewomen that are with you, Brother.

Alder. Yes, I bleſs God for it, Siſter.

Enter Fulvia *with Pen, Ink, Wax and Candle.*

Which of you will ſign firſt?

L. *Featly.* *Sir Giddy* muſt ſign firſt, to diſcharge my Daughter.

Sir Giddy. No, but you muſt ſign firſt to diſcharge me.

(*She is very uneaſie for fear he ſhou'd not ſign.*

Fulv. Your Ladiſhip wou'd not have *Sir Giddy* ſo rude as to ſign firſt. It looks as a ſlight upon the young Lady.

L. *Feat.* Is it ſo? well, what you think beſt: I love to be rul'd.

(*They execute the Writings, and the Alderman and* Fulvia *witneſs 'em.*)

L. *Featly.* Sir *Giddy*, your very humble Servant. Now all's over, Sir, I defie you and your Contract, and don't care a ruſh for you. (*Laughs.*

Fulv. It works ſtrangely. (*to Sir* Giddy.

Sir *Giddy.* Can you no ſooner be oblig'd, Madam, but you muſt be unmannerly.

Fulv. Her Joy overcomes her: It won't laſt very long, Sir. (*aſide to Sir* Giddy)

Alder. I am glad to ſee you ſo merry, Siſter, 'tis a good ſign: I love to have all Folks eaſie under my Roof; it looks as if they thought themſelves very welcome.

L. *Feat.* You are very kind: but I can't but be pleas'd in my ſelf, Brother, when I think-----

Alder. I have been witneſs for you, Siſter; ſo you ſhall be a witneſs againſt me.

L. *Featly.* Againſt you, Brother? why, what's the matter I pray?

Alder. Sir *Giddy*, in preſence of this Lady my Siſter, I accept of you Offers in behalf of my Niece, and will ſee you married this very Night, and will pay you the Money I agreed on to morrow Morning, if you have occaſion for it.

Sir *Giddy.* Sir, I thank you, and am happy.

(*Salutes her*

Fulv. It ſhall be my utmoſt endeavours to make you ſo, Sir.

L. *Feat.* What do you mean, Brother? Give my Niece to a Beggar, a Drunkard, a Sot, a Brute: She'll be poyſoned with his Dog-kennel the firſt Fortnight of hot Weather.

Fulv. You have ſerv'd your own turn; pray, Madam, uſe more reſpect for one my Uncle and I are pleas'd to think as well of now as you did ſome time ſince.

(*Alderman and Sir Giddy talk aſide.*

L. *Featly.* Why, Couſin, I thought you wou'd not have three thouſand a year with a Fool.

Fulv. But your Ladyſhip told me he might be govern'd: I'll try.

L. *Featly.* You told me he was a Drunkard.

Fulv. And your Ladyſhip told me he might be brought off that too. Had I not had ſo good inſtructions from ſo knowing a Lady, I ſhould hardly have ventur'd indeed, Madam.

L. *Featly.* Then I muſt laugh at your being impos'd on, Brother.

Alder. What's the matter now, Siſter?

Sir *Giddy.* Your Ladyſhip is neither pleas'd when you had me, nor now you are quit of me.

L. *Featly.* Yes, Sir *Giddy*, I am very well pleas'd: but neither you nor my Brother have any reaſon to be ſo. And as for my Couſin, I fancy ſhe will quickly change her Note; for it is better being a ſtale Maid, than a beggarly Lady.

Alder.

Alder. If we are ſatisfy'd, Siſter, I can take care they ſhall not fall into thoſe terrible ſtraights you ſeem to apprehend.

L. *Featly.* But you don't know all, Brother.

Fulv. Nor your Ladyſhip, I believe, neither.

L. *Featly.* Enough to damp all the Joys of your Bridal Sheets.

Sir *Giddy.* If the Sheets are damp, they muſt be air'd.

Alder. We ſhall take care of that, Siſter.

L. *Featly.* There is a Meſſenger below will let you ſee what misfortunes your eager Vanity, Couſin, has brought upon you.

Fulv. Your Ladyſhip marry'd a Beggar for a Title; I have a good Eſtate with mine.

Alder. We hope, Siſter, it is ſo; you gave me the firſt Accounts of it.

Sir *Giddy.* And I am ſure 'tis what I told you, Sir.

L. *Featly.* (*laughing*) Then I muſt tell you; but 'tis no laughing matter, I proteſt now, that what ever Sir *Giddy* fancies he has, he really has no more than that 500*l.* I gave him to be off the match with my Child; and I'll convince you of it ſtraight. I know what I do well enough. I don't come to Town to be out-witted ſure.

(*Calls at the Door.*

Enter Sylvia, Julia, *and* Captain Smart.

Oh! my dear Daughter, you are come in the nick of time. I thought long till you came home.

Julia. There was a great deal of good Company at the Play.

Sylv. And it was a long one beſides.

L. *Featly.* You may thank God it was ſo long; for otherwiſe you had pay'd dear. Well 'tis the beſt Play you ever ſee in your Life.

Capt. I think it was a very diverting Play.

L. *Featly.* But more diverting than you are aware on, Capt. eſpecially to my poor Child. Oh! here is the Man that

Enter Meſſenger.

will unravel this Myſtery. Well, Friend, but I muſt

laugh

laugh. (*laughs.*) Oh! Daughter you have escap'd very narrowly of being a Beggar, Child. Pray, Friend, speak; how did you leave Sir *Thomas*?

Messen. I never saw him, Madam. (*They all laugh.*

L. *Featly.* I know that you did not see him, because he was sick a Bed: But what Will did he make Friend? Nay, 'tis no such merry matter for any Body here but me and my Child. (*they laugh.*

Alder. I am glad 'tis merry for any Body; I hope we shall all partake, Sister.

L. *Featly.* But you interrupt the honest Man.

Julia. There goes a great many such honest Men to fill a Bushel, my Lady.

Fulv. Pray, Friend, when did you come out from *York*.

Messen. I never was there, Madam.

L. *Feat.* How! did not you come from Sir *Tho. Sparepenny*'s?

Messen. I was order'd to say so, Madam; but I have not been out of *London* of some time. (*They laugh.*

L. *Featly.* And is not Sir *Thomas* dead, and given my poor Daughter 2000*l*? What, is this a trick you Rogue? (*runs to him and scratches him.*) Did I give you Money for your Lyes, Sirrah?

Alder. Indeed the Wenches have been to cunning for you, Sister.

Fulv. Your Ladyship knows what you do.

L. *Featly.* What! am I cheated out of an Estate for my poor Child?

Julia. Your Ladyship understood better, I thought.

Fulv. Yes, yes. She did not come to Town to be outwitted. (*Laughs.*

L. *Featly* Let them laugh; they have a hard Bargain enough on it, Child: I'll take care and provide better for thee next time. Come, we'll tarry no longer amongst these base, perfidious, treacherous, tricking Citizens.

Capt. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant.

L. *Featly.* Oh Lord! Captain, you are a Man of Honour, and all that; and if you will cut me that Fellow's Throat there before he marries, it will prevent the Minx's taking

taking the upper-hand of me: And if you will tarry till my two years of mourning are over, you don't know what return I ſhall make you. Come, *Sylvia*, let us leave this abominable Town.

Capt. I can't part with her yet, Madam: 'tis hard to be divorc'd before we are bedded. She's my Wife, Madam.

L. *Featly.* What, my poor Child marry'd without my conſent! Well I am undone, ruin'd, betray'd, bewitch'd, cheated, robb'd, couzn'd out of an Eſtate, couzn'd out of my own 500 *l.* couzn'd out of my Child, and all by a parcel of young Gypſies: But I'll be even with you all. (*claping her hands.*) I'll go and marry my Lawyer, and cheat you of every Groat. (*Exit.*

Alder. You won't marry up all the Lawyers, Siſter: And if there is one left, he and Juſtice will do our buſineſs. Your Entertainment will be but ſhort, Gallants; we had more weighty concerns upon our hands, than Catering and Cooking; we ſhall have leiſure for thoſe things any time hereafter. Accept of what Supper my Family affords. The Ladies muſt make you amends for my ſhort Commons.

I hope you're happy, ſince you're welcome Gueſt;
Beauty's a noble, Love a laſting Feaſt.

(*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

HEnce comes it, that in every Match that's made,
The Husband's bubbl'd, or the Wife betray'd.
By poor unworthy Biasses you move;
And never think of Vertue, seldom Love.
Thus the soft Chain, which shou'd your Hearts unite,
And be your mutual comfort and delight,
Is from such wretched Principles begun,
We cannot wonder if you're all undone.
Then the harsh sound of Better, or for Worse,
Makes Wedlock not a Blessing, but a Curse.
And what succeeds? Until Death us do part;
Oh! there's the bearded Arrow in the Heart.
In Natures purest Infancy we find,
Man was imperfect, till with Woman joyn'd:
Now 'tis revers'd, and every day proclaims
New easy Cuckolds, and new injur'd Dames.
A loving Husband and a prudent Wife,
Is more the Wonder than the Lot of Life.
Alas, how can we but unhappy prove,
When others chuse, and yet compel our Love?
The Joynture only is the main debate
Between the Man you love, and him you hate.
Is he down-right Fool? he's still an Heir;
But Quality's a most prevailing Snare.
This sees no Charms in Humour, Shape or Face,
Yet must resolve to marry for a Place.
See that old Goat, whose thoughts alone are green,
In Golden Chains connected to nineteen;
And the fair Nymph in all the Bloom of Youth,
Destroys one end of Wedlock in her Truth:
Or Fate has got another Curse in store,
If ever she's with Child, she's thought a Whore.
There an old Hunks in an imperious Tone,
Crys, marry, I command you, or be gone.
You cruel Parents, what do you deserve?
'Tis hard to marry, but 'tis worse to starve.
Through the same Path to several Inns we tread,
Preferment, Beauty, Liberty or Bread.

EPILOGUE.

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The Husband's bubbl'd, or the Wife betray'd.
By poor unworthy Biasses you move;
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And be your mutual comfort and delight,
Is from such wretched Principles begun,
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Then the harsh sound of Better, or for Worse,
Makes Wedlock not a Blessing, but a Curse.
And what succeeds? Until Death us do part;
Oh! there's the bearded Arrow in the Heart.
In Natures purest Infancy we find,
Man was imperfect, till with Woman joyn'd:
Now 'tis revers'd, and every day proclaims
New easy Cuckolds, and new injur'd Dames.
A loving Husband and a prudent Wife,
Is more the Wonder than the Lot of Life.
Alas, how can we but unhappy prove,
When others chuse, and yet compel our Love?
The Joynture only is the main debate
Between the Man you love, and him you hate.
Is he down-right Fool? he's still an Heir;
But Quality's a most prevailing Snare.
This sees no Charms in Humour, Shape or Face,
Yet must resolve to marry for a Place.
See that old Goat, whose thoughts alone are green,
In Golden Chains connected to nineteen;
And the fair Nymph in all the Bloom of Youth,
Destroys one end of Wedlock in her Truth:
Or Fate has got another Curse in store,
If ever she's with Child, she's thought a Whore.
There an old Hunks in an imperious Tone,
Crys, marry, I command you, or be gone.
You cruel Parents, what do you deserve?
'Tis hard to marry, but 'tis worse to starve.
Through the same Path to several Inns we tread,
Preferment, Beauty, Liberty or Bread.